

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron, from the Year 1808 to the End of 1814; exhibiting his Early Character and Opinions, detailing the Progress of his Literary Career, and including various Unpublished Passages of his Works. Taken from Authentic Documents in the Possession of the Author. By the late R. C. DALLAS, Esq. 8vo. pp. 441. London, 1824.

EVERY new work on the subject of Lord Byron tends to show what a manifest injustice has been done to his memory, by the destruction of his auto-biography,—an injustice which admits of no apology or palliation. Had those memoirs been given to the world, we might then have been able to ascertain his character with correctness, which we are now only enabled to guess at amidst the contradictory statements of those who were acquainted with him. Of these, Mr. Dallas was undoubtedly one of the oldest and most confidential of his friends, who, for six years, lived in continued intercourse with him, and who appears to have had some influence over him.

To Mr. Dallas, whose family had intermarried with that of Byron, his lordship, it was understood, gave the profits of more than one of his early works; he also seems to have entertained great respect for his critical judgment, and submitted his poems sometimes in MS., in order to avail himself of it; this enables Mr. Dallas to give a sort of variorum edition of some of them, and point out the alterations they underwent in the press.

Mr. Dallas's work extends over a period of six years, and represents Lord Byron in a far different point of view than Mr. Medwin. Shakespeare says, 'a year or two teaches us not a man,' yet Mr. Medwin, with only a few months' acquaintance with Lord Byron, pretends to know him better than any other person, and commits a sad breach of confidence and good manners in detailing his lordship's amours and excesses, one half of which nobody believes. The fact is, Byron seems to have had the vanity of wishing to be thought a sort of Don Juan among the ladies, and, to support his character, fed those around him with stories of his amours, many of which had no foundation. These Mr. Medwin has very carefully recorded. Far different, however, must have been the work of a real friend, and different, indeed, that of Mr. Dallas, whose recollections

are not of circumstances which, if occurring, ought to be buried in oblivion.

A preliminary statement is given by Mr. Dallas's son, who, since the death of his father, has edited the work, containing an 'Account of the Circumstances leading to the Suppression of Lord Byron's Correspondence with the Author, and his Letters to his Mother, lately announced for Publication.' To this statement we shall afterwards recur.

During the intimacy of Mr. Dallas with Lord Byron, he frequently heard him read portions of a book, in which his lordship inserted his opinion of the persons with whom he mixed; this book Lord Byron intended for publication after his death; and from this idea, Mr. Dallas, at a subsequent period, adopted that of writing a faithful delineation of Lord Byron's character, such as he had known of him, and of leaving it for publication after the death of both. The work was completed in 1819, and Lord Byron was apprized of the circumstance. There is, consequently, no betrayal of confidence in the publishing of these recollections, to which we now proceed.

It is known that Lord Byron was very severe on his kinsman, the Earl of Carlisle, who appears to have merited the castigation. The earl, who writes verses, or at least did, some half or three-fourths of a century ago, slighted Byron's juvenile productions, and even refused to introduce him to the House of Lords when he came of age; this was while the satire of the English Bards was in the press, and induced Byron to change a compliment into a deep censure: Mr. Dallas wished even the compliment to be omitted, as 'the two severest lines' in the satire. He says:—

'The couplet to which I referred as having been given by his muse to his noble relation, was one of panegyric upon Lord Carlisle, at which I was not a little surprised, after what I had so lately heard him say of that nobleman; but the fact is, that the lines were composed before he had written to his lordship, as mentioned at the end of the last chapter, and he had given me the satire before he had made any of his meditated alterations. It is, however, curious that this couplet must have been composed in the short interval between his printing the poem at Newstead and his arrival in town, perhaps under the same feelings which induced him to write to Lord Carlisle, and at the same time. The lines do not appear in the print, but are inserted afterwards in Lord Byron's hand-writing. They are these:—

"On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."
'Immediately upon receiving my letter, he forwarded four lines to substitute for this couplet:—

"Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
No future laurels deck a noble head;
Nor e'en a hackney'd muse will deign to smile
On minor Byron, or mature Carlisle."

'He said that this alteration would answer the purposes of concealment; but it was other feelings than the desire of concealment, which induced him afterwards to alter the two last lines into—

"No more will cheer with renovating smile
The paralytic puling of Carlisle;"
—and to indulge the malice of his muse, adding these—

"The puny school-boy, and his early lay,
We pardon, if his follies pass away.
Who, who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse.

What heterogeneous honours deck the peer,
Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer.
So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
His scenes alone might damn our sinking stage;
But managers, for once, cried hold, enough!
Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff.

Yet at the {fiat
judgment} let his lordship laugh,
nausea

And case his volumes in congenial calf.
Yes! doff that covering where morocco shines,
'And hang a calf skin on those recreant lines.'

'This passage, together with the two notes which accompanied it in the publication of the poem, and in which Lord Byron endeavoured, as much as possible, to envenom his ridicule, he sent to me, in the course of the printing, for insertion, as being necessary, according to him, to complete the poetical character of Lord Carlisle. Six lines upon the same subject, which he also sent me to be inserted, he afterwards consented to relinquish at my earnest intreaty, which, however, was unavailing to procure the sacrifice of any other lines relating to this point. Under present circumstances they are become curious, and there can hardly be any objection to my inserting them here. They were intended to follow the first four lines upon the subject, and the whole passage would have stood thus:—

"Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,

And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all;
Yet did not taste or reason sway the times,
Ah, who would take their titles with their rhymes.

In these our times, with daily wonders big,
A lettered peer is like a lettered pig;

Both know their alphabet, but who, from thence, infers that peers or pigs have manly sense, still less that such should woo the graceful nine;

Parnassus was not made for lords and swine. Roscommon! Sheffield, &c. &c."

Mr. Dallas notices several other alterations the work underwent, which are sufficiently curious. Of the character of his lordship at this period, Mr. Dallas says:—

"Nature had endowed Lord Byron with very benevolent feelings, which I have had opportunities of discerning, and I have seen them at times render his fine countenance most beautiful. His features seemed formed in a peculiar manner for emanating the high conceptions of genius, and the workings of the passions. I have often, and with no little admiration, witnessed these effects. I have seen them in the glow of poetical inspiration, and under the influence of strong emotion; on the one hand amounting to virulence, and on the other, replete with all the expression and grace of the mild and amiable affections. When under the influence of resentment and anger, it was painful to observe the powerful sway of those passions over his features: when he was impressed with kindness, which was the natural state of his heart, it was a high treat to contemplate his countenance. I saw him the morning after Lord Falkland's death. He had just come from seeing the lifeless body of the man with whom he had a very short time before spent a social day; he now and then said, as if it were to himself, but aloud, "Poor Falkland!" He looked more than he spoke—"But his wife, it is she who is to be pitied." I saw his mind teeming with benevolent intentions—and they were not abortive. If ever an action was pure, that which he then meditated was so; and the spirit that conceived, the man that performed it, was at that time making his way through briars and brambles to that clear but narrow path which leads to heaven. Those, who have taken pains to guide him from it, must answer for it!"

Mr. Dallas accompanied Lord Byron to the House of Lords when he took his seat:

"He was received in one of the antechambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees he had to pay. One of them went to apprise the lord chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the house. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woollack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron,

who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into a hand, the amiable offer of which demanded the whole of his. I was sorry to see this, for Lord Eldon's character is great for virtue, as well as talent; and, even in a political point of view, it would have given me inexpressible pleasure to have seen him uniting heartily with him. The chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat; while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said: "If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party—but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side; I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad."

With a few detached passages relating to his travels, we shall, for the present, conclude:—

"In going into the library of the convent of Mafra, the monks conversed with him in Latin, and asked him whether the English had any books in their country. From Mafra he went to Seville, and was not a little surprised at the excellence of the horses and roads in Spain, by which he was enabled to travel nearly four hundred miles in four days, without fatigue or annoyance."

"Upon arriving at Yanina, Lord Byron found that Ali Pacha was with his troops in Illyricum, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in Berat; but the vizier, having heard that an English nobleman was in his country, had given orders, at Yanina, to supply him with every kind of accommodation, free of all expense. Thus he was not allowed to pay for any thing whatever, and was forced to content himself with making presents to the slaves. From Yanina, he went to Tepaleen, a journey of nine days, owing to the autumnal torrents which retarded his progress."

"He was lodged in the palace, and the next day introduced to Ali Pacha.—Ali said, that the English minister had told him that Lord Byron's family was a great one; and he desired him to give his respects to his mother, which his lordship faithfully delivered immediately. The Pacha declared that he knew him to be a man of rank from the smallness of his ears, his curling hair, and his little white hands; and told him to consider himself under his protection as that of a father, while he remained in Turkey, as he looked on him as his son; and, indeed, he showed how much he considered him as a child, by sending him sweetmeats, and fruit, and nice things repeatedly during the day."

"In going in a Turkish ship of war, provided for him by Ali Pacha, from Previsa, intending to sail for Patras, Lord Byron was very nearly lost in but a moderate gale of wind, from the ignorance of the Turkish officers and sailors; the wind, however, abated, and they were driven on the coast of Suli. The confusion appears to have been very great on board the galliot, and somewhat added to by the distress of Lord Byron's valet, Fletcher, whose natural alarms

upon this, and other occasions, and his untravelled requirements of English comforts, such as tea, &c., not a little amused his master, and were frequently the subject of good-humoured jokes with him. An instance of disinterested hospitality, in the chief of a Suliote village, occurred to Lord Byron, in consequence of his disasters in the Turkish galliot. The honest Albanian, after assisting him in the distress in which he found himself, supplying his wants, and lodging him and his suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Athenians, a Greek priest, and his companion, Mr. Hobhouse, refused to receive any remuneration; and only asked him for a written acknowledgment that he had been well treated. When Lord Byron pressed him to take money, he said, "I wish you to love me, not to pay me."

(To be continued.)

The Spirit of the Public Journals, for the Year 1824; being an Impartial Selection of the most Exquisite Essays, Jeux d'Esprit, and Tales of Humour, Prose and Verse. With Explanatory Notes. 8vo. pp. 568. London, 1824.

To any person in the least acquainted with the periodical press of this country, the value, we had almost said the necessity, of a work like the one before us, must be apparent. Two points are, however, essential to executing the task properly—a sound discrimination in the choice of articles, where the materials are so vast and various, and an honest impartiality; and we are happy to say, that such are manifest in this volume.

The editor's object has not been to collect political discussions or abstract essays; he has not given us one dissertation on the law of nations, as laid down by Vattel or Puffendorf, nor does one of Mr. McCulloch's lectures on political economy crowd his pages; he has had metal more attractive, and from the monthly, weekly, and daily periodicals, has collected nearly six hundred pages of light and amusing reading. With regard to his impartiality, he appears to have acted on the opinion that wit is of no party; and hence we find the effusions of *The John Bull* and *Morning Chronicle*, *The New and Old Times*, jostling each other.

One difficulty the editor acknowledges he had to encounter, the ascertaining the original source of articles, as the newspapers borrow so much from each other. In general, we doubt not he is correct: but one or two mistakes we can correct; the *Mathews Comici Laudes*, at p. 122, attributed to our hebdomadal contemporary, first appeared in *The Oxford Journal*; and 'The Greatest Bore in London,' quoted at p. 124, as from *The Times*, we must reclaim for *Asmodeus*, in one of whose rambles it first appeared. In justice to *The Times*, however, we ought to state, that we believe it was copied into that journal from an evening paper, which did not state its source.

Among the prominent articles in *The Spirit of the Public Journals*, are several very humorous police reports from *The He-*

rald, and a great John Bull. original article lies in the satiric this volume is engravings, Rowlandson, t lay, Low, &c. in their comic an engraved f trait of Lord with an emb from his wor There is, altog in this volume was the first o there are few Spirit of the most amusing find great dif we limit our will sufficientl

'CRIES SA E'en mi So lest it I'll hast

At Morgan Reekon "Avaunt "We c

"Zounds "Here, Cries Mor "We c

'The Lat Tooke was, in his friends, t last age. His his conversat ful. He put the song of an old court however, of curious to he cing opinions out any mixt in a tone of elegance of the most pe spirit of oppo cal superior prejudices of those about h the same un mity. He sa with a laugh tion, that th threw others their favouri himself of pulse to chaf not one parti ons of other feelings; nor of his own to 'Lord of him he took up an with it at w and balls. E the losing side delight in co

and a great deal of the waggery of The John Bull. There are also some clever original articles by the editor, whose forte lies in the satirical. Another attraction of this volume is, its twenty humorous wood-engravings, from designs by the veteran Rowlandson, the brothers Cruikshank, Findlay, Low, &c., who have been very happy in their comic delineations. There is also an engraved frontispiece, containing a portrait of Lord Byron, drawn by Wageman, with an emblematical border, and designs from his works, very delicately executed. There is, altogether, a manifest improvement in this volume over that of the last year, which was the first of a new series; and we think there are few who will not consider The Spirit of the Public Journals as one of the most amusing publications of the day. We find great difficulty, in the space to which we limit ourselves, to make extracts which will sufficiently show the nature of the work:

'HUMAN LIFE.

'CRIES Sam, all human life is frail,
E'en mine may not endure,
So lest it suddenly should fail,
I'll hasten to insure.

At Morgan's office Sam arrives,
Reckoning without his host—

"Avaunt!" the affrighted Morgan cries,
"We can't insure a ghost!"

"Zounds! 'tis my poem, not my face—
"Here, list while I recite it."

Cries Morgan, "Seek some other place,
"We cannot underwrite it."

'The Late Mr. Horne Tooke.—Mr. Tooke was, in private company and among his friends, the finished gentleman of the last age. His manners were as fascinating as his conversation was spirited and delightful. He put one in mind of the burden of the song of "the King's old courtier, and an old courtier of the King's." He was, however, of the opposite party. It was curious to hear our modern sciolist advancing opinions of the most radical kind without any mixture of radical heat or violence, in a tone of fashionable nonchalance, with elegance of gesture and attitude, and with the most perfect good humour. In the spirit of opposition, or in the pride of logical superiority, he too often shocked the prejudices or wounded the self-love of those about him, while he himself displayed the same unmoved indifference or equanimity. He said the most provoking things with a laughing gaiety, and a polite attention, that there was no withstanding. He threw others off their guard by thwarting their favourite theories, and then availed himself of the temperance of his own pulse to chafe them into madness. He had not one particle of deference for the opinions of others, nor of sympathy with their feelings; nor had he obstinate convictions of his own to defend—

'Lord of himself, uncumber'd with a creed.'
He took up any topic by chance, and played with it at will, like a juggler with his cups and balls. He generally ranged himself on the losing side, and had rather an ill-natured delight in contradiction, and in perplexing

the understanding of others, without leaving them any clue to guide them out of the labyrinth into which he had led them. He understood, in its perfection, the great art of throwing the *onus probandi* on his adversary, and so could maintain almost any opinion, however absurd or fantastical, with fearless impunity. I have heard a sensible and well-informed man say, that he never was in company with Mr. Tooke without being delighted and surprised, or without feeling the conversation of every other person to be flat in the comparison; but that he did not recollect having ever heard him make a remark that struck him as a sound and true one, or that he himself appeared to think so. He used to plague Fuseli, by asking him after the origin of the Teutonic dialects; and Dr. Parr, by wishing to know the meaning of the common copulative, *Is*. Once at G——'s he defended Pitt from a charge of verbiage, and endeavoured to prove him superior to Fox. Some one imitated Pitt's manner, to show that it was monotonous; and he imitated him also, to show that it was not. He maintained (what would he not maintain!) that young Betty's acting was finer than John Kemble's, and recited a passage from Douglas, in the manner of each, to justify the preference he gave to the former. The mentioning this will please the living—it cannot hurt the dead. He argued on the same occasion in the same breath, that Addison's style was without modulation, and that it was physically impossible for any one to write well, who was habitually silent in company. He sat like a king at his own table, and gave law to his guests—and to the world! No man knew better how to manage his immediate circle, to foil, or bring them out. A professed orator beginning to address some observations to Mr. Tooke with a voluminous apology for his youth and inexperience, he said, "Speak up, young man!"—and, by taking him at his word, cut short the flower of his orations. Porson was the only person of whom he stood in some degree of awe, on account of his prodigious memory, and knowledge of his favourite subject, languages. Sheridan, it has been remarked, said more good things, but had not an equal flow of pleasantry. As an instance of Mr. Horne Tooke's extreme coolness and command of nerve, it has been mentioned that once at a public dinner, when he had got on the table to return thanks for his health being drank, with a glass of wine in his hand, and when there was a great clamour and opposition for some time, after it had subsided, he pointed to the glass to show it was still full. Mr. Holcroft, the author of the *Road to Ruin*, was one of the most violent and fiery-spirited of all that motley crew of persons who attended the Sunday meetings at Wimbledon. One day he was so enraged by some paradox or railery of his host, that he indignantly rose from his chair, and said, "Mr. Tooke, you are a scoundrel!" The other, without manifesting the least emotion, replied, "Mr. Holcroft, when is it that I am to dine with you? Shall it be

next Thursday?" "If you please, Mr. Tooke!" answered the angry philosopher, and sat down again. It was delightful to see him sometimes turn from these waspish or ludicrous altercations with overweening antagonists, to some old friend and veteran politician seated at his elbow; to hear him recall the time of Wilkes and liberty, the conversation mellowing like the wine with the smack of age; assenting to all the old man said, bringing out his pleasant traits, and pampering him into childish self-importance, and sending him away thirty years younger than he came.'

'An Abstemious Duke.—Somebody telling Rogers the other day, that the Duke of Marlborough had become so abstemious as scarcely to take any animal food—"That is quite natural," said the wag; "A man is generally supposed to have given over eating when he sends away his plate!"'

'THE GREEK LOAN.

'Pray, do the bonds of Hume & Co.

Intelligibly speak?

And are the fatal words, "I owe,"

In English or pure Greek?—

In Greek, and poor enough they say,

Plainly by no Oxonian;

They're Attic* promises to pay,

In dialect I, O, nian.'

Rameses; an Egyptian Tale: with Historical Notes, of the Era of Pharaohs. 3 vols. pp. 990. London, 1824

IN works of fiction it is, doubtlessly, an advantage when the useful is, in some degree, blended with the sweet, and real incidents and true descriptions are intermingled with imaginary scenes and characters; for where the manners of some peculiar period of society are skilfully depicted, or the events of some remarkable portion of history are faithfully detailed, the reader has, at least, the satisfaction to reflect that, whatever may be the general merit of the performance, the time spent in its perusal can scarcely be altogether fruitlessly employed. At the same time, there is a measure in every thing, and even such ingredients may be too liberally infused, and may become incompatible with that degree of interest requisite to every fictitious composition; and, in fact, we are for this reason much disposed to question whether the writer who attempts in such productions to be too instructive, does not, in every case, lose as much upon the one hand as he gains upon the other. Unless the execution be uncommonly felicitous, the details must be defective, the narrative insipid, and the whole equally unsatisfactory to the man who reads for information, and to him who, taking it up for mere amusement, finds, instead of the dainty he expected, that he is only to be treated with simple fare. These observations seem, in a great measure, to point to and account for what, in our opinion, constitutes the main error in the work before us.

Rameses is, to all intents and purposes, a romance, and must accordingly be tried as

* "Attic promises" were proverbial for non-performance.'

such; but the author, ambitious to assume the functions of the antiquary and historian, professes to make it 'the vehicle of conveying to the public an illustration of Egyptian antiquities and a noted epoch in its history,' and he tells us 'that his attention has for a long series of years been occupied in collecting and arranging the notes and data upon which the incidents are founded.' Now, he seems in fact to have begun his tale with the determination of crowding into it all these same notes and data, without due discrimination, and without properly considering how far they might be incongruous in themselves and injurious to the general effect. The consequence is that, as a story, *Rameses* is heavy and tedious; towards the conclusion, in particular, the interest flags, and while the author is indulging in long descriptions and digressions about the pyramids, catacombs, cities, gods, priests, and mysteries of Egypt, the reader feels much disposed to skip them fairly over, and discover for himself the turn of the catastrophe and fortune of the hero. There is likewise, from the same cause, an occasional inconsistency among the different characters, and a confusion in what may be termed the machinery of the tale: the author appearing at one time to pass off as real the various articles of Egyptian superstition, and at another to hold them up to ridicule and contempt. At the same time, it must be admitted that *Rameses* is a work of great merit and still greater promise. It is carefully and elaborately written, and, as we might naturally expect, evinces on the part of the author an acquaintance with his subject, at once minute, accurate, and extensive. Many of the rites and customs and institutions of Egypt are placed in a luminous and striking point of view, and, between the notes and text together, almost every thing is touched upon that is peculiar and important in the era to which the tale refers. We must likewise remark, that the work contains many beautiful and glowing descriptions, and several passages are marked with no slight degree of tenderness and feeling. The subject, too, is rather splendid and imposing, and, in truth, from its lofty tone and regular metaphors, as well as from the division into books with arguments at their heads, we suspect the author may be disposed to consider his performance as something higher than a mere romance, and may rank it with *Telemachus* among the prosaic bantlings of the epic muse. The scene, as may be recollected from what we have said before, is laid in Egypt, at the time when the wandering Pallid hordes, under the appellation of shepherd-kings, overran and ravaged that delightful country. The outline of the story is short and simple enough. A portent which foretells the future greatness of *Rameses*, the hero of the tale, together with his rising celebrity, excites the envy of *Sabacón*, his elder brother, which, in the end, proves the spring of as many disasters as *Achilles'* wrath. With *Sabacón's* countenance and connivance, *Rameses* is carried off by *Bocchoris*, a discontented noble, and left to perish in a cave. In the meantime, *Salatis*,

chief of the invaders, attacks the Egyptians, dispirited by the loss of their favourite hero, and defeats them with prodigious slaughter. *Rameses* is at last released from his confinement, and maintains a short and unavailing contest, and Egypt falls before the arms of her victorious oppressor. A great portion of the work is now occupied in following *Rameses* in his adventures, who, after many 'moving accidents' and 'hair-breadth escapes,' is at length taken and condemned to die. Meanwhile, the Egyptians had again rushed to arms under *Amenophis*, their monarch, and *Sabacón*, who, by his repentance and subsequent achievements, had atoned, in some measure, for his former crime. A furious contest ensues; the Egyptians are beginning to give way on every side, and their foes are driving them fiercely from the field, when, as the reader will naturally anticipate, *Rameses* unexpectedly appeared—

And hurled

Himself into the scale, and saved the world.

The description of this engagement is, perhaps, as favourable a specimen of the author's powers as any passage we can select:

'The air resounded with distant noise and clamours, which proclaimed the dreadful struggle begun, and the sanguinary scene was evidenced by the parties of wounded and dying fugitives. Fired at the sight, impelling onward their coursers, they toiled to reach the scene: his Ethiopian, Lybian, and Ammonian bands being horsemen, and chosen for their hardy warlike qualities; each swept furiously along, as if animated by the same swelling impulse as bore thither the Egyptian hero; and now arrived within a short distance of the pyramids, and pausing as a dark cloud upon the crested height, which had been covered by their enemies, *Rameses*, for a moment, reined in his fiery steeds, as he viewed the battle raging before him. Meantime, the *Asbytae* chariots, dark and menacing, and the horsemen bending their bows, drew up in a dense line, prepared for his commands, as a black storm lowers in the evening sky ready to burst upon the plain; but a few moments only held them suspended, for through the chief divisions of the Egyptian forces havoc and death had penetrated. The extremity of their lines resting upon the Nile was wholly destroyed, and the ground was strewn with dead, while the fugitives dispersed along the banks of the river were the sport and victims of the pursuing horse. The Egyptian forces of the wing nearest the pyramids, defeated and discomfited, were yet wavering in their divided bands upon the edge of the plain whether to make another effort for victory or to disband in flight. The centre, pierced with many a bloody inroad, and composed of the veterans of *Amenophis*, chained buckler to buckler, still kept their ground, although decreasing rapidly in numbers, exhausted by fatigue, and surrounded by the myriads of their foes, directed by *Salatis* in person upon this point. Every moment increased their danger, as the bravest of the Pallid generals fought under the eye of their sovereign, and great was the stake they

played for. So completely their minds were engrossed by the heat of the contest, that the approach of *Rameses* and his companions was entirely overlooked and unobserved; therefore, eyeing the field and his country's foes, as the famished eagle eyes the kid when, *soaring* in her eyrie, she darts her glance of fire to bear the prey to her nest of clamorous young: so *Rameses*, now giving the full reins to his impatient coursers, plunged from his elevated ridge into the thickest of the fight. The dreadful chariots of the *Asbytae* made their clear passage through the disordered affrighted ranks of the Palli, who, amazed, sunk under their darts as the leaves drop from the clustering fig, when the seasons strip it bare, and the first tempest strews with a breath its leafy honours on the ground; so the affrighted Palli, broken and prostrate, lay crushed and overwhelmed beneath the horses' hoofs and chariot wheels, as if trodden under foot by the Mizraim gods, now pouring on them their wrath, exacting full revenge for their impious contempt and wanton demolition of their shrines. *Rameses*, with the highest valour, cut his desperate way into the middle of the hostile ranks, and, altering the appearance of the eventful action, dashed over heaps of slain, his wheels dropping with blood, and in his hand brandishing aloft his gleaming sword, whose crimsoned edge bore horrid testimony of its deadly havoc; he at length reached the squares where *Salatis* himself was nobly engaged, whose arrogant mind, already elate with promised victory, saw not the storm, nor marked the tide of conquest ebbing from his hands. Furious at the array before him, he had succeeded in overwhelming the desperate lines of the Egyptian centre: *Orcan*, *Rhapses*, and all the guard of the Pallid ring rushed amid the press; while *Sabacón* (for here he fought), heroically opposing himself to the unequal strife held the struggle suspended by his mighty strokes. Surrounded with slain, the victims of his personal valour, he now saw the furious chiefs, and *Sabacón* averted and returned with success the thrust of *Orcan*; but ere he perceived his own impending destruction by the bravest of his foes, the sword of the kingly *Salatis* was plunged in his defenceless side, as he aimed a renewed stroke to sever the head of *Orcan*. Forth gushed the sanguine stream following the deadly blow of *Salatis*, and he sunk amid the heaps of slain around. The shades of death swam before his closing eyes, and at this dreadful loss the Egyptians, panic-struck and overpowered, turned round and fled. Such was the horrid sight which *Rameses* beheld, as now, approaching the centre, he cast his eyes around. *Salatis*, his deadly foe, still holding the bloody weapon buried in the body of *Sabacón*, the next instant, exulting at his success, he drew it forth, waving it in triumph over his casque; with the crimsoned blade besprinkled with sanguine drops, and turning his exulting visage round to welcome the praises of his chieftains on the death of such a dreadful enemy, he saw the Palli, in their turn, scattered and flying before him; glowing and furious was *Rame-*

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The History of and Palaces ALLEN. P London, 18 AMONG the ec tropolis, there of its antiqu with it, is m Palace, and pleasure that

his eye-balls emitting sparkles of flame, as he beheld him sprinkled with his brother's blood. This unexpected change and fearful contingency for an instant shaded the brow of Salatis. Not a pause, however, the heroic monarch made, but rushed to encounter the Egyptian chief: the fates lashed onward the fatal moment deciding the destinies of Egypt, and as the king seized a spear, an arrow, fitted by Rameses to the mighty Ethiopian bow, twanged on the string, and would have reached his heart, but his buckler stayed its winged course, and, glancing from its kingly mark, it pierced the breast of Rameses, passing through his armour to his back. He sunk at the feet of Salatis, his life issuing forth at the wound. The blow was so violent on the monarch's buckler that his arm sunk useless by his side; but undauntedly he again brandished it in his right; again he saw the fatal arrow mark him; the bow was bent full to the Egyptian chest, and the shaft was sped, and in a moment's time pierced through the heart of the savage Salatis: so swiftly it flew, that for an instant death seemed to pause whether to seize his victim, as with a look of unalterable hate he sunk amid the throng of dying warriors.'

The author, as the reader will observe from this quotation, attempts to write in a pompous elevated tone; but he is scarcely successful: the diction is rather glaring than elegant, and in many places it is loose and incorrect. Indeed, from the stiff and encumbered phraseology and the awkward periods, observable in the commencement of the work in particular, we are inclined to suspect that the author has not yet acquired that command over his pen which long practice can alone confer. He has recourse to clumsy expedients to elevate his style; and useless expletives, harsh inversions, and unmeaning epithets, occur almost as frequently in the pages of Rameses as in the verses of some luckless poetaster embarrassed for a rhyme. It is, however, due to the author to remark, that these faults diminish as the tale advances, and that towards the conclusion we meet with greater simplicity of style. The tale of Rameses is evidently the production of a writer of deep research and of no ordinary talents. The notes contain a vast body of information in addition to that which is to be found in the text, and although a romance may seem a bad authority to refer to, yet the antiquary may turn to Rameses to learn, or renew his acquaintance with the wonders of Egypt, and he will not be disappointed. We ought to add, that the work is closely and neatly printed, and that it contains three times as much as an ordinary novel.

The History and Antiquities of the Parish and Palace of Lambeth. By THOMAS ALLEN. Part I. Royal 8vo., pp. 192. London, 1824.

AMONG the ecclesiastical edifices of the metropolis, there is not one which, on account of its antiquity or the events connected with it, is more interesting than Lambeth Palace, and it was therefore with much pleasure that we saw Mr. Allen's book an-

nounced. The first part of the work only has been published: it is very rich in embellishments, and displays great antiquarian research on the part of the author.

Mr. Allen commences with a topographical account of the name, situation, boundaries, &c. of the parish of Lambeth; he then gives a list of the rectors, with biographical notes, including a brief memoir of Dr., afterwards Bishop, Porteus, who was rector of Lambeth. The church, the churchyard, the manor, and palace, are next described in a concise and intelligible manner, and although we shall not enter into any connected analysis of the work, of which only one of two parts is given, yet we shall quote a few extracts, which will show that it is interesting to the general reader. Among the memorable events connected with the church,—Mr. Allen relates, that

'On the 19th of February, 1642, in the midst of divine service, whilst the Te Deum was reading, four or five soldiers rushed into Lambeth Church, with pistols and drawn swords, affrighted out the whole congregation, wounded one of the inhabitants, who soon after died, and shot another dead, as he hung by his hands on the church-yard wall, looking over to the palace-court, who might truly have said in the words of the poet, though in another sense, *ut vidi, ut perii*. It was collected by many circumstances, especially by depositions taken before the coroner, and by the speeches that fell from their own mouths, that their principal aim, at that time, was to have murdered Dr. Featley, the then rector of Lambeth; which it is probable would have been effected, had not some honest inhabitants premonished the doctor, who was at that time on his way to the church, intending to have preached. About the same time, many of these murderers were heard expressing their rancour against the doctor, some saying, "they would chop the rogue as small as herbs to the pot, for suffering pottage (for by that name they usually styled the book of Common Prayer) to be read in his church;" others, "they would squeeze the pope out of his belly;" with such like scurrilous and malicious language.'

Mr. Allen mingles many historical notices with his descriptions, of which the following is one:—

'Fonts, in the primitive times, were not placed in churches, but the custom of those ages was to baptize in rivers; or the baptistery was a kind of font in which the catechumens were plunged. "We go down into the water," says St. Barnabas, "full of sin and filth, but we ascend with fruits and benefits in our hearts;" and so Tertullian represents baptized persons as "entered into the water," and "let down into the water;" and Justin Martyr describes the same by being washed in water, and calls the place where they are baptized a washing-place or a bath.

'But this practice was discontinued through persecution, and private houses were chosen for their reception. In more peaceable times they were established near the church, in a little building purposely

appointed; afterwards leave was given to erect them in the church porch; and, at last, about the sixth century, they were placed inside the church, had oratories, and altars, and were adorned with various pictures, such as John baptizing our Lord, Peter, Cornelius, &c., the font being of very rich work; one is described as being supported by twelve oxen. The fonts were anciently locked up in Lent, because Easter and Whitsuntide, except upon peril of death, were seasons of baptism. This custom was abolished about the year 1100, chiefly because it was dangerous, from fear of death, and the number of infants who died; but the old custom of baptizing at Easter and Pentecost remained long after. Sometimes they were constructed of silver, of which kind were those for ancient princes, &c.; the water was changed every seventh day. Wheresoever they were placed, they were held in the highest veneration. St. Athanasius complains sadly of impiety in his time, such as never was heard of even in war, that men should set fire to churches and fonts: "Good God!" he exclaims, "Christ-killing Jews and heathenish atheists have, without any reverence, entered and defiled the fonts." At first there were several fonts in each baptistry, because they baptized a number at once, all of whom received the eucharist and confirmation immediately after. But these baptistries were only established in great cities where bishops resided, who alone had the right of baptizing; but afterwards they allowed parish churches to have fonts, for the more commodious administration of this ceremony.'

The monuments and epitaphs, of course, occupy a considerable space in the work, as the author gives a biographical notice of the most distinguished individuals, particularly Mr. Dolland, the optician, and Tradescant, to whom posterity is mainly indebted for the introduction of botany in this kingdom:—

'A table monument of freestone was erected in 1662, by Hester, the relict of John Tradescant; it is covered on each of its four sides with sculptures; viz. on the north, a crocodile, shells, &c., and a view of some Egyptian buildings; on the south, broken columns, corinthian capitals, &c., supposed to be ruins in Greece, or some eastern countries; on the east, Tradescant arms: on a bend three fleurs-de-lys, impaling a lion passant; on the west, a hydra, and under it a skull, various figures of trees, &c., in relievo, adorn the four corners of this monument; over it is placed a handsome tablet of black marble, with the following inscription:—

Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone

Lye JOHN TRADESCANT, grandsire, father, son;
The last dy'd in his spring; the other two
Liv'd till they had travell'd art and nature
through,

As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare, in land, in sea, in air;
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut;
These famous antiquarians, that had been
Both gardeners to the rose and lily queen,

Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall
rise,
And change this garden for a Paradise.'

He lived in a great house at South Lambeth, where there is reason to think his museum was frequently visited by persons of rank, who became benefactors thereto; among these were King Charles the First, Henrietta Maria his queen, Archbishop Laud, George Duke of Buckingham, Robert and William Cecil, Earls of Salisbury, and many other persons of distinction.

The Tradescants were usually called Tradeskin by their contemporaries; the name is uniformly so spelt in the parish register, and by Flatman, the painter, who, in a poem, mentions Tradescant's collection:—
'Thus John Tradeskin starves our wondering eyes
By boxing up his new-found rarities.'

The engravings, which are very numerous for the price of the work, are well executed. When the second part is published, we shall notice it at greater length.

Remarks on the different Systems of Warming and Ventilating Buildings, with Reference more particularly to an Improved and Simplified Caloric Apparatus, constructed and introduced by G. P. BOYCE. Second Edition.

It is certainly matter of surprise and regret, that in an age so distinguished for beneficial discoveries in the arts and sciences, the means of procuring heat from fuel should have undergone no material improvement from those employed in the earliest ages. The laudable design of this author is to supply this defect. To use his own words:

'The professed object of the ensuing pages is to recommend to the attention of all to whom comfort and cleanliness are desirable, a simple and comparatively inexpensive apparatus, by which, from one fire, so placed as to be entirely out of the reach of accident, any degree of warmth may be conveyed to several apartments, a plan which has been tried and approved in many situations, and found to be productive of all the comforts an open fire can afford, only in a much higher degree, with less expense, more cleanliness, and incalculably greater safety to property and life. By the adoption of this mode, the dust and danger attending the old system are entirely done away, all the apartments are raised to the same equal temperature, there are no chimneys to fill the house, when foul, with their pestiferous fumes; dampness, from atmospheric moisture, is rendered impossible, and the general health of the inmates will be found to be considerably secured.'

Of the advantages attending this method, the author further adds:—

'Nothing can be more striking than the difference of the sensation immediately experienced on entering a house warmed on the new system, after leaving one attempted to be warmed upon the old; instead of nu-

merous, dull, and sundry fires, struggling to diffuse some scanty portion of heat into the damp and chilling apartments, and requiring continual care to prevent even that little from being entirely lost, you enter at once into a softer and more genial atmosphere, that, in its purely agreeable warmth, and in its freedom from all former sources of annoyance, seems to afford, even in the deepest severity of an English winter, all the rich luxury of an Italian climate. Instead of being obliged, as formerly, when desirous of warmth, to fix yourself within a few inches of the grate, with your face blazing in a heat of 120 degrees, while your back is chilled in a draught of 30, you may here choose your station wherever it pleases you, secure of suffering no change of temperature even in the remotest corners. At meals and social parties, instead of being under the necessity of scorching to death one half of your friends, and grieving into discontent the other, all are placed under the same pleasurable circumstances, and are alike exempted from those distressing extremes so unfavourable to the enjoyment of hospitality. No longer clouds of dust continually settle upon your furniture, food, and apparel—no more domestic debates and provoked arguments on the propriety of stirring or not stirring the fire—smoke no longer has power to annoy; nor is it beneath regard, that all these advantages are procured, not by an increased expense in the wages of labour, but by a considerable saving in that respect, for it is not too much to assume, that one fourth of the domestic labour required in an English family of any respectability is occupied exclusively in making up and attending to the various fires, and in removing the dust and dirt they so plentifully occasion.'

Of the positive necessity of some such method, the author says:—

'Nature shudders at the awful and repeated cases of the waste of life occasioned by accidents from open fires. Exercising its dreadful devastations alike in the palace and in the cottage, of how many hapless beings, knit to society by a thousand bands, hath not this infallible ravager deprived the world. Associations offer a ready and cheap security from fire for every kind of property, but what sums can purchase the safety of human life? or who can repay to the lone widow and the childless father the loss of their protection and hope? The miseries occasioned in London during a single winter, and the great losses recently sustained, tend to evince, in the strongest degree, the utility of a plan by which this dreadful amount of human suffering might be so effectually reduced.'

Mr. Boyce's plan is to have an apparatus for supplying warm air placed on the basement floor, either within or without the building, which is to communicate with other apartments, and admits the air by valves, which regulate the supply.

Any more extracts seem unnecessary: the work is small and cheap, and we recommend it to the attention of our readers. If carried into effect, it will form, perhaps, one of the most beneficial discoveries of the present age.

Alice Allan; The Country Town, &c. By ALEXANDER WILSON. 8vo. pp. 294. London, 1824.

THE author of Alice Allan and the other tales in this little volume, though not appearing to be a practised writer, displays talents of a very respectable order; it is true his characters are not very vigorously drawn, but this seems rather the want of proper attention than of the requisite ability; the tales, six in number, are interesting; the story, though not always sufficiently connected, is generally well told, and there is an ease, unaffectedness, and frequently a pathos in the style, which gives great charm to the narrative. The tales are entitled 'Alice Allan,' 'My Aunt's Arm Chair,' which is perhaps the best in the volume, 'Poor Parents,' 'The Country Town,' 'Fanny West,' and 'The Introduction to London.' We shall make an extract from the latter: it is the description, by a young Irishman, of an essay, written by a friend, entitled 'The Irish Man of the World.' The contrast of the Irish and Scotch character is well drawn:—

'I am sure we are all ready to confess that our fine but unfortunate country produces more "men of the world" than all the other parts of the empire put together; nor is this fact a matter of disgrace to us. Oppressed as we are at home—prevented by the numberless impediments which rise up against us from pursuing a hopeful career on our own green isle; and blessed or cursed as it may happen to be with that spirit of enterprise which generally accompanies the consciousness of oppression—is it to be wondered at that we seek other shores, where our energies will not be thwarted? or where at least, if we do not meet a friendly greeting, we shall be spared one pain—that of beholding a warm and generous people (and those people our countrymen) broken in their spirit, and blighted in their hopes, by the withering hand of power? But it is frequently said against us, that we are designing adventurers and heartless fortune-hunters, without moral restraint or domestic virtues;—that indeed, we are men of pleasure, and therefore men of vicious habits. I am aware (too well aware for my own peace) how short a step it is from the path of pleasure to that of guilt; but I know likewise, that the errors of my countrymen are generally those which result from a sanguine temperament and a warm imagination. I don't know how it happens, that the men of our island, so near as it is to this country and Scotland, should be so widely distinguished, in their feelings and habits, from their brethren across the Irish Channel. Take a Scotchman, and put him on his journey, "frae the north," you see him move along in a calm calculating mood, practising, at every step, that sober self-denial which lays the foundation of his success in after-life. He appears unmoved by passion, undisturbed by circumstances; and true it is, that his life affords an example of patient perseverance and progressive well-doing. But, perhaps, when contemplating the mo-

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ral and intellectual energies of Scotchmen, some consideration should be given to the domestic situation of their country; for we are in a great degree influenced in character by the institutions around us. In Scotland, those institutions are congenial to the great majority of the people, whose feelings, therefore, are not roused into hostility at every step, by the gnawing reflection that their holiest opinions are proscribed, and their most sacred convictions only made the excuse for new oppressions. Our career in life mainly depends upon the impressions we receive in our young days: in Scotland, the people and their institutions being in unison, no heart-burnings are engendered with the first exercise of reason, and the mind is consequently left free to pursue its peaceful and philosophic course, and to acquire a moral tone and consistency which it would never gain in the midst of untoward and inflaming associations. Now look at our own island, with its institutions and people continually at war; to speak generally, the first truth that strikes upon a young Irishman is, that he has the mark of proscription upon him, that the intolerant few have subjected the many to their sway, and that learning, virtue, genius, are qualities that pass unrewarded, and only enable their possessor to feel how sad a thing it is to be a slave at home, an alien in one's own land.

We do not stop to inquire how far the philippic against the rulers of Ireland is just, but the picture of the country is unhappily too correct.

Friendship's Offering; or, the Annual Remembrancer: a Christmas Present and New Year's Gift, for 1825.

THREE years ago we had not an annual volume worthy the offering of friendship to a lady; now our productions of this sort are as distinguished for their pre-eminence as the beauty of the British fair. We were sure that the example set by Mr. Ackermann in his 'Forget me Not,' could not fail of success, and that, consequently, it would lead to similar publications on the part of enterprising booksellers; in this, also, we have not been disappointed. Of the *Friendship's Offering* for 1824, we were not niggardly of praise; the volume for 1825 is, however, an evident and decided improvement; we do not say this because there is more for money, but because more time has been given for producing it, and more pains have been bestowed upon it. Several authors of distinguished talents have clubbed their pens to produce it, particularly females, including Mrs. Opie, and Miss M. Edgworth, and the accomplished author of the 'Improvisatrice.'

The engravings are numerous (26) and beautifully executed; there are four striking views of Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Berne, and Naples, with copious descriptions of these cities; the *Fortune-Teller*, from Sir Joshua Reynolds; the *Good Shepherd*, from Murillo; a landscape, from Claude, together with some original designs by Westall and Stothard. There are also

twelve beautiful vignettes on wood, exhibiting views of churches, castles, &c. in the county of Kent, together with illuminated and other embellishments.

The literary department consists of poems and tales, a compendious weather guide, annual diary, historical and topographical descriptions, charades, &c. &c.; there is also some original music. The tales are too long for us to quote one of them entire; we shall, therefore, for the present, content ourselves with quoting one or two of the poetical pieces, commencing with Mrs. Opie's address to that favourite of poets,

'THE FLOWER CALLED FORGET ME NOT.'

'Fond memory's flower of azure dye,
Permit thy bard one boon to crave;
When in death's narrow bed I lie,
Oh! bloom around my humble grave.
And if some tender faithful friend
Should, led by love, approach the spot,
And o'er thy flowers admiring bend,
Then say for me "Forget me not."

The Pope Leo XII. as, perhaps, many of our readers are aware, has resolved to celebrate a jubilee in the year 1825, which will, according to custom, be proclaimed on Christmas Eve, 1824. A very curious account is given in *Friendship's Offering*, of the origin and ceremonies of this remarkable festival, a part of which we quote:—

'The Roman church having recognised penance as one of its principal sacraments, which is divided into three acts,—repentance, confession, and atonement,—did not fail, in the sequel, to claim the power of granting indulgences or remission of sins, the sale of which became a fruitful source of revenue, the flagrant abuses of which were greatly caused by the reformation. Though the Roman pontiffs, previous to the thirteenth century, had already sufficiently practised on the credulity and superstition of Christendom, regardless of their dignity and the price at which they purchased their short-lived splendour, as well as of the pernicious influence of their example on every order of society; it would be difficult to name a pope more remarkable for ambition and iniquity than Boniface VIII., who preached a crusade against the illustrious family of Colonna, during which he profited largely by the sale of indulgences. To complete the whole, he conceived the idea of holding a public market for the sale of indulgences, for the purpose of replenishing his coffers.

'As the year 1300 elapsed during his government, he deemed it a convenient epoch for fixing a jubilee, or holy year, the idea of which was furnished him by the institutions of the Mosaic law, whilst the secular games of Pagan Rome afforded him every hint he could desire towards its increasing attraction and magnificence. An universal and solemn remission of sins was to be the happy lot of erring men, and the means of enriching the pope, agreeably to whose counsels a similar holy year, or jubilee, was appointed to be held every hundred years thereafter. The indulgence peculiar to the year 1300 was, that every person who visited the high bench of apostles, that of St. Peter at Rome,

should receive absolution. The bull to this effect was promulgated in the beginning of March, 1300; in it he promises, in full reliance on the mercy of God and the merits of the apostles, not only a plenary and extensive, but the most complete absolution, to all such as should come to confess their sins at Rome. The people of Rome could only obtain it by frequenting the churches for thirty days; whilst strangers were allowed fifteen days for this purification.

'This is the first and most extraordinary event of such a nature in the Christian annals. The multitude who flocked to Rome, were so great as to fill every street. Villanius estimates them at two hundred thousand, whilst W. Ventura sets them down at two millions. By their concurrent testimony it appears that the pope, his clergy, and Rome reaped an immense harvest. On the first day, Bonifacius himself appeared in his pontificals and blessed the people; but on the second, he came forth in his imperial vestments, a naked sword being carried before him.'

'The popes found the jubilee so good a thing, that they thought once a century too seldom, and made it once in every fifty years, and even this period was abbreviated. Boniface the Ninth, who succeeded to the papal chair during a jubilee, went still farther, and sent his agents into various countries, remitting the sins of those unable to reach Rome, at the easy price of the expense they would have incurred in going thither. These receivers often scraped together above one hundred thousand florins, in a single province,—a most enormous sum indeed for those times, when money bore so high a value'.

Jubilee periods were made still shorter: the twentieth was under the late Pope Pius VII., in the year 1800. The following is the account of the ceremonials observed on these occasions:—

'The bull announcing them, is published both in the Latin and Italian languages on Ascension Day, and posted upon four sides of St. Peter's Church, as an invitation to the four quarters of the world. The festival itself begins on Christmas eve, and lasts until the same time in the following year. On the first day the pope opens the golden gate with a rich silver hammer, and grants sinners access to the altars. The pope goes in solemn procession to this gate, preceded by the prelates, the magistracy, and principal citizens of Rome, the papal choristers, the canons of St. Peter's Church, and the pontiff's domestics; next follow those bearing crosses, frankincense, &c.; then succeed penitentiarii, bishops, and cardinals; and last comes the pope, with the triple crown carried in state before him. In one place the wall is so slightly built that three blows of the hammer are sufficient to burst it open; on his arrival before it, it is sprinkled with holy water, and he then steps forward, and gives it the first blow, with these words, "*Aperite mihi portas justitiæ, ingrediar in eas.*" The choir returns "*Ingressus est in eas, confitebor domino.*" The pope then gives the second

blow, crying out, "*Introibo in domum tuam, Domine.*" The choir returns, "*Adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum in timore tuo.*" The pope exclaims, with the third blow, "*Aperite portas, quoniam, Dominus nobiscum est.*" The choir answers, "*Qui fecit virtutem in Israel.*" Having made an aperture in the wall, the pope returns to his seat and cries, "*Domine, exaudi orationem meam.*" To which the choir replies, "*Et clamor meus ad te veniat.*" The wall in the gateway is then levelled by workmen within, the entrance is cleared, and the multitude press forward with holy fervour to pick up the fragments of stone, and medals struck in the former holy year, which have been deposited in the wall. While this is passing, a similar ceremony is performed by the cardinals at the sacred portals of the churches of St. Paul, St. John Laterans, and St. Maria Maggiore. The hammers they use are of silver only.

'When the wall is levelled, the procession proceeds into the church; the Pope then sings, "*Dominus vobiscum;*" and the choir returns "*Et cum spiritu tuo.*" The pope then prays and begins to chant the "*Te Deum laudamus,*" accompanied by the din of drums and trumpets; the bells are set ringing, and salutes of artillery are heard on every side. The people resort to the church throughout the year; the oftener a person goes there, the more complete is the remission of his sins. There are, besides, several holy places in Rome, and other things to be visited for this remission sake, called "*stationes.*"

'At the close of the jubilee-year, the pope repairs, with the same ceremonies, to St. Peter's Church, where service being performed, the procession sets out from the great altar, and proceeds out of the church, through the sacred gate. The pope is the last; he blesses the stones which are to close it up, throws down among them the gold and silver medals which have been struck on the occasion, and sprinkles the whole with holy water. He then puts on a linen apron, and having laid the first stone of the wall, leaves it to the penitentiarii to finish the rest. The jubilee-year is closed by the papal benediction.'

We will close with a Protestant wish, that Mr. Relfe may long live to give us Friendship's Offerings, and we to review them.

The Literary Souvenir: or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. Edited by ALARIC A. WATTS. London, 1824.

THIS is the third of those elegant little works which our teeming press has brought forth in the shape of a present or cabinet volume. Like the others, it consists of a number of well-engraved copper-plates, and a pleasing variety of verse and prose, such as tales, sketches of society, and poetical productions contributed expressly for the work, from the pens of Sir Walter Scott, Montgomery, Hogg, Campbell, Blackwood's Delta, Bowles, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Opie, T. K.

Hervey, Knowles, Wiffen, Mr. Watts the editor, and several others. We have, however, no room at present for further remark, and, therefore, content ourselves with quoting two poetical articles, which will speak for themselves:—

'THE CONVICT-SHIP.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

'Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;

The winds come around her, in murmur and song,

And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters,—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!

Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!
Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!

Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not to the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!

Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life: while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled;

All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:—

Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears:—

And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,

Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore.

Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er!

The next is a beautiful effusion from the delightful pen of Mrs. Hemans:—

'THE GRAVE OF KORNER.

'Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 26th August, 1813, a few hours after

the composition of his popular piece "*The Sword-song.*" He was buried at the village of Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburgh, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses, composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory beneath this tree, is of cast iron, and the upper part is wrought into a *lyre and sword*, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works have been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait, and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines: "*Vergiss die truen Todten nicht.*" *Forget not the faithful Dead.*—See Downes' Letters from Mecklenburgh, and Körner's Prosaische Aufsätze, &c. Von C. A. Tiedge.

'Green wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest!
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest!
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
Thou of the lyre and sword!

Rest, bard! rest, soldier!—By the father's hand,
Here shall the child of after-years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the bushied presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and bard!—For thou thy path hast trod
With freedom and with God!*

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,

And, with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they veiled their drooping banners o'er thee,
And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token,

That lyre and sword were broken!

Thou hast a hero's tomb!—A lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,
The gentle girl that bowed her fair young head,
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying,
Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave!
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her
To whom the wide earth held that only spot—
—She loved thee!—lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not!
Thou hast thine oak—thy trophy—what hath she?

Her own blest place by thee.

It was thy spirit, brother! which had made
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,

And sent glad singing through the free blue sky!

Ye were but two!—and when that spirit passed,
Woe for the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long!—She lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast;
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her ere she went to rest!
Too sad a smile!—its living light was o'er,
It answered hers no more!

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The home too lonely whence thy step had fled;

* The poems of Körner, which were chiefly devoted to the cause of his country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feeling, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice for the final deliverance of Germany.

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Death, death, to
Softly she perish
Here

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What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
Softly she perished—be the flower deplor'd
Here, with the lyre and sword!

Have ye not met ere now?—So let those trust,
That meet for moments but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from
dust,
That love where love is but a fount of tears!
Brother! sweet sister!—peace around ye dwell!
Lyre, sword, and flower, farewell!

An Explanatory Dictionary of the Apparatus and Instruments employed in the various Operations of Philosophical and Experimental Chemistry. With seventeen 4to copper-plates. By a PRACTICAL CHEMIST. 8vo. pp. 295. London, 1824.

THE editor of this work has not done himself justice in his title-page, for it is not merely an explanatory Dictionary of Apparatus and Instruments employed in Chemistry, but it contains much valuable information on the science itself; and describes the best means of performing experiments, with the results they produce. The author, who is evidently a practical chemist of great talent, justly states in his preface, that, 'Whatever system a student in chemistry may prefer, he will often have occasion to regret, while studying that system, the insufficiency of the graphic illustrations attached to the work. In all systems of chemistry extant, apparatus for many different purposes are referred to without being figured in the plates; and although the books which do contain representations of such apparatus may in some instances be quoted, it too frequently happens, that students not having access to those books are compelled to rest satisfied with mere description; and, consequently, never acquire that full knowledge of some processes, which judicious description and graphical illustration combined are calculated to impart. In attending lectures, too, a student may not have time or opportunity to examine the furniture of the lecture-table, so as to be enabled perfectly to comprehend the construction and principles of every article of apparatus.'

The object of the work is to supply these defects, which it does by affording representations, well engraved and of a good size, accompanied by suitable descriptions, of all the apparatus necessary for carrying on the multifarious operations of philosophical chemistry. Of the utility of such a work it is unnecessary to speak, since it must be obvious to every one, and of the manner in which it is executed, we cannot speak too highly. To the Dictionary is prefixed a general description of chemical apparatus, the best means of forming a chemical laboratory, lists of instruments and utensils, chemical re-agents or tests, with general observations on the method of conducting chemical experiments. No extract that we could select would do justice to the work, as there is a constant reference to the engravings, which are very numerous and admirably executed.

Arthur Scymour. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1824.

Our table literally groans under works of fiction, although there is seldom a week that we do not review one or more volumes of this class: to attempt to unravel the story, or to detach an extract which would exhibit the author of every novel in a just light, would require us to devote our whole pages to that alone; we are, therefore, compelled to notice some of them very briefly. The object of the author of *Arthur Scymour* is avowedly to inculcate this grand moral,—

'Enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.'

Although the main object is not lost sight of, yet there is a good deal of humour in this novel, which is of a light and agreeable character.

Poems and Poetical Translations. By Samuel Gower. 8vo. pp. 46.

Certes, Mr. Gower is not a poet—we hope he is a man of fortune, or that he soon may become one, or, at all events, that he is in no way dependent on his poetry, for if this is the case, we fear he will find it by no means productive. Some years ago, we expressed our opinion of Mr. Gower's merits, and we see nothing in his new production to alter it. Had he marked a poem or passage on which he wished to rest his fame, if not too long, we would have quoted it; as he has not done this, we shall not give an extract, lest he say we have not done him justice—as to the rest of the world, we should not hesitate in risking our opinion.

The Wreck. A Dramatic Romance. In two Acts. By Charles Masterton. 8vo. pp. 39. London, 1824.

SOME of the songs in this 'dramatic romance' are pretty, but as a whole we cannot say much in its favour, and yet we think the author is not destitute of dramatic talent.

My Children's Diary, or the Moral of the Passing Hour. pp. 343. London, 1824.

THIS very pleasing and instructive little volume is evidently the production of an intelligent and affectionate mother, well-experienced in the arduous task of teaching 'the young idea how to shoot,' and who has devoted much of her time and attention to this interesting employment. In a short and unassuming preface, the author states, that in compiling this work she had in view 'chiefly to amuse and engage the attention of children from ten to twelve, or thirteen years of age; and, especially, to those who have young brothers or sisters, who must always bear, in a greater or less degree, a kind of filial relation to them, she trusts it may be found useful.' For ourselves, we have no hesitation in recommending *My Children's Diary*, not only as a desirable present for young people, but as a book from which parents, and those engaged in the important business of education, may glean many valuable hints, both for improving the minds of their pupils and forming their habits and dispositions.

An Epitome of the History, Laws, and Religion of Greece. Designed for the Use of Young Persons. By THOMAS STACKHOUSE. 12mo. pp. 286. London, 1824.

At a time when Greece is emerging from the degraded slavery of ages, every thing that relates to her ancient state and greatness becomes doubly important; we are, therefore, pleased to see so good an epitome of her history, laws, and religion, published in a cheap and portable form; and we are sure that the thanks to Mr. Stackhouse will not be confined to young persons, if the public is grateful for the able manner in which he has executed his task.

The Confessions of a Gamester. 8vo. pp. 244. London, 1824.

SINCE the time that we were, during a rainy day, confined to a country farm-house with no other books than a *Ready Reckoner*, *Moore's Almanack*, and *Alleine's Alarm to Unconverted Sinners*, and in a fit of pure desperation read the whole of the last, we have met with few works of a more astounding character than the *Confessions of a Gamester*; it describes in awful and terrific terms the feelings and fate of the unreclaimed gamester, and paints in a vivid, but, perhaps, somewhat too highly-coloured manner, the vice of gaming and its results.

ORIGINAL.

ENIGMAS IN PROSE, No. X.

ELUCIDATION OF ENIGMA IX.

UNLESS the reader has entirely forgotten the last enigma, he will probably recollect that it professed to give some account of a certain panacea, that would, if properly taken, tend to remove most of the causes of complaint which beset us on every side. This may appear a very hardy assertion, for what, it will be asked, can produce the thorough reform throughout all classes of society, necessary to produce such a miraculous issue? or wherefore does this specific take so little effect, when it is confessed that there is no lack of it in the world, but that, with a philanthropy truly admirable, every one is ready enough to impart it to his neighbour, however much he may need it himself,—this being not exactly the way of the world? Our astonishment, however, ceases, when we know that this sovereign remedy is *Advice*. It is evident that, could every one be induced to take this as it is offered, human nature and social institutions would undergo a complete reform. Had even a tenth part of the good advice which, in every age, has been so freely bestowed upon the world, by moralists and satirists, been applied to the send

for which it was designed, the office of those gentlemen had long ago been a sinecure; and even critics would, by this time, have only to commend. If all the good advice which has been so bountifully and disinterestedly bestowed upon the world, had been applied to the purposes for which it was intended, society had long ago become an earthly elysium, crowded with kings anxious only to govern their subjects in peace and prosperity, with ministers actuated only by the same amiable wishes for the public weal; with most upright magistrates, more anxious to prevent crime than to punish it; with obedient citizens, all dwelling together in harmony like brethren; with indulgent husbands, discreet wives, and affectionate children. We should, by this time, have had no follies to laugh at, no enormities to rail at, no vices to be scandalized at. But, alas! while every one imagined that he could cure his neighbour, very few indeed have been willing to be cured in their turn. Advice, in short, is a commodity which all are ready to bestow gratuitously, except, indeed, those who live by selling it, and which none are willing to take, unless,—what is very extraordinary, they are obliged to pay for it.

ENIGMA X.

It may, perhaps, appear superfluous in me to pretend to assume any disguise, being very frequently, even on occasions when it behoves me to be perfectly explicit, most enigmatical, mysterious, and unintelligible. It is asserted, indeed, that it is my duty to address myself with equal freedom to all classes of men, from the prince to the peasant; and that all are equally bound to obey my behests. Greatly, therefore, is it to be regretted, that those who have had the care of training up and educating me, should have taught me no other than such a barbarous jargon, that no one but themselves can understand; and they, too, very frequently quarrel with each other, as to my real meaning. Of the gibberish which I am obliged to employ, it is not easy to convey any adequate idea, save that it may most aptly be compared to some of those *cant* dialects which are used by certain classes of the community, to whom it would not be very flattering to be compared. Why I, who am the perfection of reason,—for that is one of the designations which my friends have applied to me, should always speak in so strange a guise, and also with so much ambiguity of style, is one of those mysteries of which the reader must not expect an elucidation. Whatever plain-spoken

and plain-dealing persons may think, who conceive that words and meanings should be legible to all the world, let them be assured that, in things of high importance, a little mystification is absolutely necessary.

I should be loth, indeed, to have it imagined that so solemn a personage as myself, and one who plays so important a part in the management of this mad planet of ours, is at all addicted to idle and loose discourse; yet I must confess that I deal very much in *double* meanings. This confession is made, not so much from candour, as to check the impertinence of many who would insinuate that I have too often no meaning at all. My *double entendres* are, however, in one sense at least, perfectly innocent; I would, therefore, sincerely advise those who, on the strength of what I have just said, might be disposed to invite me to their tables to talk indelicately, after three courses had crammed the grace down their throats, to do no such thing, else would they be most miserably disappointed; for, if the truth must be spoken, I am the most intolerable proser in the universe: and as for my double meanings, they serve rather to perplex than to amuse. So great is sometimes the happy ambiguity and obscurity in which I indulge, that even those enlightened persons who are appointed to interpret my meanings to the multitude, are absolutely posed; and such is, at times, their scrupulous tenderness of conscience, that rather than, by a precipitate reply, fall into any error, they will take years to *decide* what I intend to say. Having been thus unusually communicative, I will ingenuously own,—because the fact is so notorious, that I should gain no credit by attempting to conceal it, that I deal monstrously in *fictions*. In any one else, they would be termed downright monstrous lies, the extravagance of which might be entertaining, were not their dulness equal to their absurdity. Yet, notwithstanding I deal in fictions rivalling the hardest of those of romance, I have so little of poetry in my composition, that I should think my character and reputation for discretion utterly destroyed by approximating to it in the slightest degree. Hence, my style is invariably of the heaviest and most unmusical prose that can be imagined; and I have formed a Parnassus of my own, built up of myriads of folios and other ponderous tomes. When I gaze upon this mighty mass of solid literature, how do I exult, and even permit a smile to infringe on the decorous gravity

of my brow: for what 'thews and sinews,' and what overwhelming weight, are there in these compositions, which belong to a literature exclusively my own.

Some of my followers will venture, even in my presence, to display their wit, in jokes rather caustic than urbane, unchecked either by my own solemnity or by the anxious trepidations of those who approach me: but I myself never indulge in any other pleasantries than those practical ones of fictions and *make-believe*, to which I have before alluded. In every other respect, I am a most exact observer of forms and rules, so much so, indeed, that I would hardly venture to say 'good-morrow,' without a precedent.

Did I wish to give an idea of my great importance, it would be sufficient to point to the many thousand retainers and followers whom I constantly employ, so numerous are the persons who are daily and hourly obliged to consult me through these my interpreters; for it must be remarked that, although I require implicit obedience from every one, I have unfortunately the habit of expressing myself so obscurely, and sometimes so contradictorily, that even my own servants and interpreters cannot agree as to what I really mean. This, however, is by no means disagreeable to them, for, as in the squabbles of kings and ministers it is always their people who suffer, so, in those of my servants, it is always the public that pays. If it be asked, wherefore I delight in puzzling and perplexing people by incomprehensibility, mystification, and obscurity, I reply, because men always venerate most what they understand least. Besides, is any one so simple as to imagine that so many thousand tomes as I can exhibit have been written for the purpose of making that which is abstruse, plain and intelligible?—Quite the contrary: it is rather for the purpose of making that which is first clear, most gloriously intricate and perplexing. All the world knows, and no one better than myself and my adherents, that the best fishing is in troubled waters. Common sense, indeed, sometimes takes the liberty of telling me that things might be managed better, and that, if I would be more directed by her than I have hitherto been, it would be much better for society. But she is one for whom, to say the truth, I entertain very little regard, being a very dangerous kind of person to be suffered to intermeddle in important affairs; and, to

give the world served, that I listened to in Opinion, too, blesome persons ventures to gravity, and to however authentic they are uttered both, I continue vulgar persons price and obscurity, but dignified station and firmness. I look upon admit that I must be to admit—never will do perfect—yea,

LORD BYRON
ZE

To the Editor
MR. EDITOR,
you another had made its cannot forbearments upon w great trouble i present junctur
I allude to columns, and malist, with wh ing and provi ron's memoirs before us. Th heard, and un substantive in would deeply not be doubt had been ro left it in his was always lik loss, so far as part for the w for a spirited could never b therefore to b back-water str a book given mere gossip— nificent but in examined as t sations and Who can read appears in tha ing clearly wh asserted of h periods, the s and abused, a me it is so ev wondering tha Mr. Murray co defence necess

give the world its due, it must be observed, that her advice is very rarely listened to in any matters of moment. Opinion, too, is another somewhat troublesome personage, and occasionally ventures to laugh in the face of my gravity, and to disregard my commands, however authoritative the tone in which they are uttered. Yet, in spite of them both, I continue in my old track: in vulgar persons, this might be termed caprice and obstinacy, blind bigotry and ignorance, but, in those of my rank and dignified station, it becomes consistency and firmness. Alteration and improvement I look upon with horror: since, to admit that I might become better, would be to admit—what I am determined I never will do—that I am not already perfect—yea, the ‘perfection of reason.’

LORD BYRON'S BIOGRAPHERS, GRIZZELDINA, &c. &c.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

MR. EDITOR,—I did not mean to write you another letter until another year had made its appearance; but I really cannot forbear making a few short comments upon what appears to me a very great trouble in the literary world at the present juncture.

I allude to the eternal filling of your columns, and those of every other journal, with what old women call ‘fending and proving,’ concerning Lord Byron's memoirs, so far as they are brought before us. That every thing ‘seen, felt, heard, and understood,’ by such a noun-substantive in creation as the great poet would deeply interest the public, could not be doubted: and after the world had been robbed of the legacy he left it in his own gift to Mr. Moore, it was always likely it would make up the loss, so far as it could, by accepting a part for the whole—a weak translation for a spirited original; but surely it could never be expected, that we were therefore to be deluged with all these back-water streams of replication,—that a book given to the world as one of mere gossip—as a loose sketch of a magnificent but imperfect subject, should be examined as to the precision of its assertions and the truth of its details. Who can read Lord Byron's mind as it appears in that very work, without seeing clearly what Mr. Dallas has since asserted of him, viz. that, at different periods, the same men were applauded and abused, admired and despised. To me it is so evident, that I cannot help wondering that so respectable a man as Mr. Murray could, for a moment, feel defence necessary, or that the friend of

Mr. Cecil should deem it his duty to explain the case of the duel. I do not mean in this to throw particular blame on Lord Byron, nor by any means to impute to him a disregard to veracity; but he was a man of quick feelings fierce in his resentments, and gifted with that vivid imagination which doubles the good or evil on which it is for the moment contemplating;—besides, no man chats over his wine as if he were in a court of justice: he speaks of that passing in his mind, not that which his memory has registered or his judgment scanned.

The most serious charge against his biographers is, however, that of the Examiner, which denies the whole story of his voyage, which furnishes by far the most attractive anecdote we have had of him, and places him before us in the only worthy light (or nearly so), which his memorialists have given him. I would certainly add to the scribblers by searching into this charge, if I did not hope that it must be false, and feel a pleasure in believing it so, which relieves the pain with which I am compelled to contemplate one I admire so much.—And now a single word to the fair Grizzeldina.

I have seen the portrait, and affirm that it merits all your praise, and has moreover a soft pensive character that goes beyond it. This may be accounted for by the fact, that although the first sitting took place before the quarrel (or shyness, or whatever you call it) with Lady Byron, the following sittings were after the actual parting. When finished, his lordship, wrote to Mr. Holmes, the painter, expressing his entire satisfaction with it, and saying ‘it was decidedly the best likeness which had been taken of him.’ We hope, for his own sake, this is true, because it is much more pleasant to consider him in the light of a man suffering grief for the sorrows he had inflicted, and which had led to such a sad termination of his married career, than to conceive his past misanthropy increased, his scorn returned, and his fine features stamped with vindictive and revengeful feelings. It is, however, only just to add, that although very like his lordship, it is not the general expression of his countenance, which was naturally cynical.

I cannot wonder, however, that any woman takes an opportunity of giving a wipe at the ‘sugar-plums and looking-glass,’ for I find every one in my own family, from mama to my youngest daughter, is in a state of great affront on the subject of doubting the mental

abilities of women. Such was the commotion for a few days that I sought to allay it by putting the Arabian Nights' tales, and even various Eastern histories, into their hands, by way of proving that, in all states and families, wives and pretty girls have, in both north and south, had a very considerable share in disposing of the affairs of men, let poets say what they may. This did not, however, answer any good end, nor at all clear the culprit; so, being sick of the subject (as a man, you know, Mr. Editor, is apt to be), I turned it to what I deem a more important point or opinion, for every woman to contemplate—a point which reveals a peculiarity in the character of man not attached to Lord Byron only, and of great importance to the happiness of married life, on the female side.

‘I have peculiar ideas,’ says his lordship; ‘I do not like to see women eat. Lady Byron did not attend to my wishes in this respect,’ &c. &c.

I can scarcely forbear to exclaim, ‘how in God's name should she?’ but I wish to examine the matter a little further. Proceeding, we find that his lordship ordered the victuals which constituted his own frugal dinner (bought for four or five Pauls) to be given away, as otherwise, ‘he should think his servants envied him every mouthful.’ Such an idea was perfectly consistent with the feelings of a man who had *envied his wife* every morsel, and only such a one would have been troubled with it. Strange as it may appear that a man who was always generous, and in pecuniary matters just also,—I am firmly persuaded this was the case, for I have certainly seen similar instances of an exclusive despicable and hitherto unnamed vice of this description attach even to men of fortune. I believe it has hitherto escaped the phrenologists, but I would certainly advise them earnestly to seek for this organ, as it may probably be found with little difficulty in the regions of false delicacy and extreme selfishness, and its discovery may be of importance in warning many. I am fully aware that gluttony is a hateful crime and a most disgusting one; but not one word in this conversation tends to affix it on the unfortunate lady in question. It may be said, ‘that men of great refinement, who are accustomed to consider women as angels,—poets who call them *hourii*, *peri*, &c. cannot reconcile themselves to the idea that such ‘creatures of the element,’ live on mutton.’—It may be so, but, in that case, such super-expecting personages

ought never to have engaged in marriage, which, after all, is an earthly contract, much incommoded with the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' God help the woman, say I, who is tied to a man that will not rejoice in seeing her eat when she is hungry, and desire even to tempt her appetite when she is not,—an event which will inevitably happen to a being so delicately constructed, yet ordained by nature to certain weakness and suffering, and to require the cherishing cares of her partner. If a man is too refined and fastidious for—his homely, but manly duty,—if he is, unhappily, so constituted, by some inherent principle of meanness and cruelty in his nature, as to be incapable of it, he may be the charm of the hour to some women, and the prey of others; and 'tis as well that he should wander among the wicked, to punish and be punished, for never should he presume to enter into a connection which is formed for life, and may affect eternity: however he may be gifted in mind or person, he is incapable of the sacred and endearing duties which belong to the husband and the father.

In this case, since generosity, as a general term, has nothing to do with it, and expense is out of the question, doubtless some men exist who persuade themselves, and perhaps others, that conduct of this description really does arise from their extraordinary delicacy, although it is evident that temper constantly actuates them, and that one day a wife may eat her dinner in peace, who on the next is helped to the flesh-denuded wing of a chicken, or perhaps a drumstick, not less to disappoint her appetite than to insult and wound her feelings.—Ah! Mr. Editor, I have witnessed such tricks of this kind, have heard such ill-natured observations made, and known such actual want experienced by wives whose fortunes and situations in life appeared to preclude the possibility of this mode of suffering, that I am really glad Captain Medwin has let a little light into a subject, which, like, many others, may be considered below the dignity of moral discussion, but has yet a great deal to do with the happiness and virtue of a social life. Truly did the female poet observe,—

'A small unkindness is a great offence,' and every sensible and good mother well knows, and should teach her children to know, that it is of far more importance to the welfare of her daughters that the men they marry should feel for them just esteem and true tenderness, than admiration which must fade, and

passion which must cool,—and that no woman is so much a creature of mind, after all, as not to find that kindness and indulgence from her husband constitute, in the long run, the best blessings of her existence, whether administered by high or humble intellect.

I am, &c. &c.

JONATHAN OLDWORTH.

The Rambles of Asmodeus, No. XX.

I ONCE served in the army, under an old general (a Scotsman), whose maxims were few but to the point; a favourite one I recollect, because it was the most commonly used by him:—'Quarter on the enemy, my lads, quarter on the enemy,' he used to say; sometimes adding very truly, 'for you have want enough at home.' You, Mr. Editor, will see that I have not been wholly inattentive to this advice, by the reprisals I have made in my rambles in France, the Continent, America, Ireland, &c.; I fear, however, that I have at this moment exhausted them all, save Ireland, perhaps, where I have picked up a bit of secret history. You have heard of the Catholic rent,—rent, a strange name to give a contribution in Ireland, where the word is so unpopular; Lawyer O'Connell will tell you it is collected, not levied, for promoting Catholic emancipation; but I know it is for nothing of the sort,—it is really and truly to pay the expense of sending some of the most profligate of Irish legislators, orators, &c., to the forthcoming Jubilee at Rome, when all their sins of omission and commission will be forgiven;—no, I beg pardon, compounded for: and I doubt not pardon for a good conspiracy could be contracted for, in advance, with Pope Leo XII.

You have, no doubt, heard of the hoax passed off on O'Connell;—a paper was sent, purporting to be the resolutions of the Orange Lodge. O'Connell chuckled at what he thought a treasure; when, lo! it turns out to be a fabrication put on the factious lawyer, whose swallow is as capacious as that of an American sea-serpent, though, if any animal opened its mouth so wide, it would be sure to dislocate its jaw. But I was talking of 'home-bred projects,' as Ben Jonson called the motions in use at Bartholomew Fair; and yet I scarcely ever knew myself to have less business at home (for such is London at present). I have attended the courts of law,—not a joke; I was at the last Clerkenwell Sessions,—all the lawyers

kept their temper: how provoking! I attended the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas,—dull, insufferably dull. I heard the argument before the twelve judges in the case of Mr. Fauntleroy,—dry, very dry; but Brodrick did wonders; but even wonders will not save a man in case of forgery. Seventy thousand persons petitioned in favour of Dr. Dodd, with the lord mayor and corporation to boot, and all of no avail. My old friend, the ex-sheriff, the ex-swain of Hannah White, has been busy on this, as on all other occasions. He had, I understand, a balance of five shillings and seven pence in the house in Berner's Street, when it failed, and, for the loss of this, he has gone about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour; what is the more remarkable is, that some noodles of creditors made him chairman at a meeting. Who paid the expense of the room is not known, but Parkins would never be guilty of such an act of indiscretion. After all, the poor devil, though possessing no mirth in himself, is the cause of mirth in others. I have already furnished you with an epigram—an epitaph I mean—by Sir William Curtis, on this worthy wight's twelfth illegitimate, according to his own account. The worthy baronet is not the only alderman who is facetious; Alderman Key had a hit at the quintuple X, a few days ago, at a dinner. The X came fantastically arrayed, somewhat like a baboon at Wombwell's menagerie; a gentleman who sat next the alderman, pointing to X, said,—'What is that exquisite?' 'Oh,' replied the alderman, 'it is an ex, quiz it.' I have another city joke: Alderman Atkins, you know, has an instinctive dread of fire, ever since he discovered, during his mayoralty, that there was a conspiracy for a *blow-up* in the city. When he heard of the late fire in Little Bridge Street, he ran out, without hat or wig, to see what was the matter; the fire was, by this time, got under, and, in his way, he met Mr. Hurcombe, the common-councilman, of whom he inquired the particulars. Mr. H., you and all the world know that ever heard of him, is a great proser, and kept the alderman shivering with cold, while he related the eventful story. The alderman's patience became exhausted, and, with as much dignity and authority as he exercised when in the magisterial chair, he said, 'Stop, stop, there was a fire, was there not?' 'Yes, there was.' 'Why, how did it end?' 'In smoke,' Atkins, said Mr. H., turning on his

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From your silence as to the proceedings or no-proceedings of the Mechanics' Institution, I was led to believe that it was defunct—until one night, waiting for the Chelsea stage, at the Red Lion, in the Strand, the Morning Advertiser, or 'waste-but of intelligence,' fell into my hands—and I found it was still going on. The next day I called at the library: the secretary was not there, truly; but I looked over the books, and find they have got about five hundred volumes,—nay, more, that a museum is forming, and that the president and members are about to print. The most remarkable thing I saw in the museum was entitled, 'The Transactions of the Mechanics' Institution, with the names of the President, Vice-President, and Committee, written in short-hand, in the size of a silver penny, by Mr. Harding.' The most astonishing thing is, that the characters did not appear small. Harding, I understand, is studying the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes, and speaking daily with marbles in his mouth, in order to qualify himself for his lecture on stenography. I am anxious to hear the lad: for, except Mathews's *At Home*, I know nothing that will afford such a treat as his lecture.

Among the works in the press are, a new edition of the 'Triumphs of Temper,' with notes by Dr. Birkbeck, and a little volume, to be called the 'Polite Letter-Writer,' by the said gentleman. The committee of this institution, I understand, have some wits among them. I was told a good thing, said by 'Francis Place,' Esq., who was elected as a working mechanic. While sitting in divan, on Monday night last, Dr. Birkbeck complained there was a great draught of air from the door. 'I'll cure it,' said Frank, 'I'll put on it what Covent Garden Theatre wants.' Dr. Birkbeck, anxious for some new discovery, which he might appropriate to himself in his lecture at the Chemical Society, seized Frank by the hand, and eagerly inquired, 'How—how will you do?' 'Why,' said the man of habits, 'I'll put List-on the door.' The doctor looked confused,—but Parry, who loves a joke, cried out, 'That boy will be the death of me.' I understand the principal amusement of the committee—for as to business, that is out of the question—is, in proposing riddles, rebus, &c. There is one, I am told, in the solution of which Dr. Birkbeck has been engaged three weeks; Dr. Gilchrist has also devoted a fortnight at

the library of the India House, in order to find its answer among the oriental archives there deposited, but without success;—it is merely how to write 'new door' in one word. I mention this out of charity to these learned Thebans, in order that some of your readers may solve the knotty point, and ease their troubled spirits, an act of charity for which, were they grateful, they would thank ASMODEUS.

P. S. Another question has been before the committee some time; but, in despair of its solution, it is to be proposed as a prize question to the members of the institution. It is this:—'If a herring and a half cost three half-pence, how many will you get for eleven pence.'

Original Poetry.

SUNDAY MORNING.

BY J. F. PENNIE, AUTHOR OF *ROGVALD*, &c.
'Tis sabbath morn—o'er valley, hill, and plain,
Peace smiles in beautiful serenity,
And scarce a sound is heard; save where, amid
The sky-born roses of Aurora, rings
The lark's wild hymn, that down harmoniously
Floats on the sunlight, as betwixt the skirts
Of gem-hued clouds it darts in splendid lines—
Save, where beside the woodshaw and the
brook,
The thrush attempts his youthful voice to tune
In feeble warblings, and the robin pours
His song of fellowship and love to man.
'Tis sweet to wander on a morn like this,
For the soft-pillowed winds their strife forget,
And sleep o' th' green-waved sea; and though
of flowers
Nor field nor grove can boast, yet are the
woods,
Like eastern bride enveiled, still in their robes
Of many colours clad, while the white mists
Of sober autumn half their beauties hide.
But hark!—the sacred sabbath's mellow chime,
From yonder ivied tower, steals down the vale,
Calling the rustic crowd with bended knee
To meet where hearts and hands to Heaven are
raised,
And all the bitterness of earth is lost
In holy breathings, and sweet hymns of praise.
Not since those days of yore, when rung the
horn
O'er yon dark heath—where Celtic warrior
chiefs
Beneath their monumental barrows sleep—
And through yon forest shades, as England's
king
From Lulworth's palace portal passed to back
His stall-fed steed, and in yon island woods,
With his proud courtiers, chased the mountain
stag—
Not since the merry days when regal Charles
Dwelt in those towers, and happy village maids,
With all the rustic youth of these domains,

* James I. and Charles II. resided at the Castle of Lulworth, and where a king resides, however short the period may be, the place of his residence is immediately constituted a palace. James I. dwelt here during the royal hunt in the adjacent forest of Purbeck.

Danced gaily round the Maypole, flower en-
wreathed,
That crowned the hamlet-green—has yonder
park
Witnessed a scene so int'resting as this
Glad morning brings; for Gloucester's royal
duke
In Lulworth's hallowed fane devoutly bends
In worship at her altar—

Those ancient walls,
Rich with escutcheoned dyes, and blazoned
pride
Of the forgotten dead, with smiling youth
And blooming health are thronged, while with-
ered age
And indigence and sorrow thither flock
To bless their benefactor, and behold
That noblest sight on earth—which all the
pomp,
The coronation pomp, and banquet rites,
Surpasses, of the mightiest potentates—
A PRINCE IN HOMAGE KNEELING TO HIS GOD!
Lulworth Cottage, 1824.

TROTTING.

[See the Remarks on Lord Byron's *Conversations*, p. 710 of *The Literary Chronicle*.]

MEN are strange animals, 'tis said,
And who will dare dispute it?
'Twould puzzle a logician's head
To question and refute it.
In spite of Solomon's essay,
Men schemes are ever plotting;
But none are half so bad as they
Whose tongues are always trotting,
Chaucer declared a wicked tongue
'Will ever deem amiss,'—
Our pilgrim father was not wrong
In wisely proving this:—
Where'er you go—what'er you say,
Of fate, or fortune, lotting,
Some one will tutor you the way
To be expert in trotting.
The Scotch, for this, may laugh and joke;
The Irish bulls invent;
The English, who will wear the joke,
Jog with a pure intent:—
Canterers, gallopers, enough,
Truth's pages now are blotting,
But none are riders half so rough
As Captain Medwin's trotting.
Good Major Longbow's high in fame,
Munchausen keeps his station;
Moore's Fudge preserves the flying game,
And game preserves the nation:
Bills trot for Parliamentary power,—
Power trots from bills for sopping,
And nothing down to this late hour
Succeeds so well as trotting.
Many will walk a steady pace,
Others excel in amble;
But would they win a steeple chase,
O'er hedge and ditch they scramble:
Yet, after all, for hyperbole,
There's nothing like Quixotting;
And therefore, would they reach the goal,
They must not tire in trotting.

J. R. P.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

WITH the exception of Elliston's Wal-
ter, in *The Children in the Wood*, and
Young Wilding, in *The Liar*, both of

which performances have no equal on the stage, there has been nothing worthy of particular notice at any of the theatres. We ought to except the revival of Shakspeare's *As You Like It*.—No; not Shakspeare's, but Bishop's *As You Like It*. The songs were well executed by Horn, Bedford and his wife, and Miss Povey. Macready played Jacques extremely well; Wallack was a good Orlando; and the other characters were well sustained, particularly Terry's Old Adam. Mrs. Yates (*le feu* Miss Brunton, as one of the city aldermen would call her) played Rosalind, a character in which, we believe, she made her *debut* in London. It was a chaste performance, combining much sweetness and discrimination.

Mathews gave us his *Trip to America* for the last time this season on Monday night, and, as if he was anxious to augment our loss, he never gave it better.

Literature and Science.

Russia—The 10th and 11th volumes of Karamsin's History of Russia, that have recently appeared, are said to be even superior in point of style to the preceding ones. The period comprised in this portion of the work is that most eventful and important one of the reign of the last of Rurick's descendants, the Czar Feodor Iwanowitsch*; of the election, the reign, and the unfortunate end of Boris Godimov; of the pretended Demetrius, the horrors of the interregnum, the detested influence of the Poles, and their final expulsion from the country. Never before has any literary work caused so great a sensation in Russia as this, excited such interest, or obtained such success. The first eight volumes were published in 1817, and within the space of three weeks an edition of three thousand copies were sold. The eagerness with which it was sought after, by readers of all classes, is almost incredible: even peasants, mechanics, and soldiers, purchased the work. It is confidently reported that M. Karamsin, the author, has already made 250,000 rubles by (about £40,000) this production; he has besides been loaded with honours by the emperor. Both the author and his work form an epoch in the history of Russian literature, since he is the first who, in that country, ever acquired wealth by his pen, and who is indebted solely to his talents and his moral character for the universal esteem which he enjoys; and who, although without either employment or post, is well received at court, where he is distinguished by the favour of the imperial family. Nor is the philosophical firmness with which he bears his good fortune less admirable: instead of being dazzled by his sudden pros-

* This prince, under whom the conquest of Siberia was completed, died in 1598.

perity, or sinking into a courtier, M. Karamsin still devotes himself sedulously to literature and science, and finds his greatest happiness in his own domestic and social circle.

Mechanics' Institution.—Next Thursday is, we find, to be a busy day at the Mechanics' Institution. At three o'clock the first stone is to be laid of a new lecture room, at five the members dine together, and at eight they adjourn to open the school. We have not heard the expense of the new building, but as the funds and receipts of the society, are barely sufficient to keep it moving, whatever the cost may be it must be raised by loan. As to the dinner, we know not why the mechanics should be called on to pay six shillings each for a dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, when they might dine at home for a shilling. We have heard that it is got up by Dr. Birkbeck to commemorate his having formed the institution. Now Dr. B. knows he might as well claim the merit of laying the foundation of Rome, as of the Mechanics' Institution. The fact is, the plan was formed and announced, and Dr. B. was not invited, but thrust himself on the founders of the institution.

A most singular meteorological fact was observed, at Liverpool, on Tuesday. The mercury in the barometer fell, in the morning, below 28°, which is a greater depression than has occurred in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. In a warm climate, such a change would be an indication of an approaching earthquake; but here it is supposed to prognosticate a storm.

A standard barometer, from the British Board of Longitude, at London, has been transmitted to Professor Renwick, of the college in New York. It is transmitted to him for the purpose of keeping a register of its diurnal variations, to be compared with a similar record, intended to be kept by Capt. Parry, at his winter station, on the voyage of discovery now conducted by him on the northern coast of the American continent.

There has been a report in the Brussels papers that M. Didot was to remove his presses there; this is not correct—he is only going to establish a printing concern at Brussels, in conjunction with that of Paris. The apparent motive for this is the continual vexations which printers suffer from the police in Paris, the illegal stoppage at the custom-house of books intended for foreign countries, the opening of packages, the examination of letters, which puts the agents of the police in possession of mercantile secrets, which seem quite sufficient to make a printer endeavour to escape from them all. To prevent our printers from working at Paris, putting insurmountable obstacles in the way of sending books abroad, is forcing our workmen, our merchants, and our artists, to carry their industry to another country. Books intended for exportation are stopped by the police or custom-house, and it is said a single house has had

books so stopped, to the amount of 50,000 francs; they may undoubtedly be printed in Belgium; to prohibit their being sent out of France, is telling the printers to go to Brussels and print them there.—*French paper.*

English Engravings.—We have abstained from recurring to the subject of the tax indirectly levied on English engravings in France, until we had waited to observe whether this extortionate system, to which we did not at first presume that the ministers of the French government were accessory, would be discontinued. We certainly did expect that the liberal conduct of the English government, in taking off the duty from *French* engravings, and thus facilitating their importation into this country, would, when it came to be generally known on the other side the water, induce that Government, from a feeling of shame, if not from a sense of justice, to abandon the rapacious exaction of *two copies* of every English print consigned from this country to France. As no intention is manifested of relinquishing the levy of this tribute, we shall not fail to revert to the subject when Parliament meets.

The plain truth is, that the French government are anxious to preclude the engravers of this country from any chance of successful competition with those of France; and they therefore resort to this expedient as one means, and an effectual one it is, of shutting them out from all opportunity of extending it. They look, we know, with an evil eye on Mr. Arrow-smith, who has lately gone from this country, and whose establishment in Paris, they fear, is calculated to extend this branch of commerce, by exhibiting publicly the most distinguished and select specimens of the English school of art. Nothing can be more ill-founded than any apprehensions from this source, nor more illiberal than the expedient resorted to to counteract it. It must, if persisted in, become, in its consequences, much more injurious to the artist of France, than it can possibly be to the artist of this country, as it must of necessity lead to the imposing, as soon as Parliament meets, a duty on all French engravings, equivalent to that which is now exacted, directly and indirectly, upon the same articles exported from England.—*British Press.*

SALMON AND SALMON FISHERIES.

From a View of the Present State of the Salmon and Channel Fisheries; by J. Const, Esq.

There is one of the habits of the salmon on which it is necessary to say a few words, as bearing upon the present subject, in order to show and to establish the detrimental effect of impenetrable barriers across rivers, either by weirs or otherwise. Dr. Turner says, "when it so happens that their passage is effectually obstructed, they soon grow lean and sickly, and in a year or two pine away and die."

We all know the purposes of this rivers; their w We all know that beds of rivers th If, therefore, th complying with which never mis most reasonable, that they do, as and die; for a sal being both a sal cannot live witho if he is denied to him. It is also in unpropitious fish is compelled held from those him, becomes abe the case, why ed in the sea, or i like the eggs of like many other n remain undiscove the wiser or the lop them. The ever, is, that unle necessary sand-b the spawn comes low the pernicious tions, which, prev going up the river into traps, where killed. They ar cessity in hunting the streams, and fishlocks. The s above the weirs hemmed in, and to the sea to recr rigorate their s almost the appee and finally perish quite uneatable a have no doubt obliged to eat th are not those whi they kill the fish sea to breed, not t to the sea after b evident that the s prosper whilst the so much with the fish, are allowed I do not mean even if they cou tively, because the advantageous in a c both for the mille but I do mean to be so constructed that the fish in ti go up the rivers they have bred, to return to the s "I well remer ago, on the river elevated stakes at which it was imp the stakes were p into a lock or t easily admitted they could not es

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We all know the irresistible instinctive purposes of this fish to get up into the rivers; their wonderful efforts show it. We all know that it is only in the sand-beds of rivers that the fish can spawn. If, therefore, they are thus thwarted in complying with the dictates of instinct, which never misleads or deceives, it is most reasonable, if not conclusive, to infer, that they do, as Dr. T. says, 'pine away and die;' for a salmon, as is observed before, being both a salt and a fresh water fish, cannot live without having access to both; if he is denied either, it is alike death to him. It is also known that roe, if shed in unpropitious situations, to which the fish is compelled by necessity when withheld from those to which nature directs him, becomes abortive. Why this should be the case, why the egg cannot be hatched in the sea, or in the tide-way in rivers, like the eggs of other fish, is a mystery, like many other mysteries, which will ever remain undiscovered; nor should we be the wiser or the better if we could develop them. The undoubted fact, however, is, that unless the fish can attain the necessary sand-beds high up the rivers, the spawn comes to nothing. Hence follow the pernicious effects of these obstructions, which, preventing the new fish from going up the rivers to spawn, drive them into traps, where they are caught and killed. They are obeying a resistless necessity in hunting for an aperture to get up the streams, and are thus forced into the fishlocks. The situation of the spent fish above the weirs is just as bad; they are hemmed in, and prevented from retiring to the sea to recruit their strength and invigorate their system, until they lose almost the appearance of their species, and finally perish. In this state they are quite uneatable and unwholesome, and I have no doubt would poison any one obliged to eat them. These back fish are not those which the spearers destroy; they kill the fish as they come from the sea to breed, not those which are returning to the sea after breeding. It is, therefore, evident that the salmon fisheries can never prosper whilst these obstacles, interfering so much with the instinctive habits of the fish, are allowed to exist.

I do not mean that all weirs should, even if they could, be swept away entirely, because they may be nationally advantageous in a commercial point of view, both for the miller and the manufacturer; but I do mean to say, that all weirs should be so constructed, and nothing is easier, that the fish in times of flood may easily go up the rivers to breed; and that, after they have bred, they may be able again to return to the sea.

I well remember seeing, some years ago, on the river Teign, a weir which had elevated stakes at the foot, over or through which it was impossible for a fish to pass: the stakes were placed there to force them into a lock or trap by the side, which easily admitted them, but from which they could not escape; and, consequent-

ly, the occupier of this device had the power of taking every fish upon this fine river, sizeable and unsizeable, seasonable and unseasonable, the public thus lying at the mercy of an interested individual.

'On the Avon was a device something like the former. I went on purpose to see it, and I have been informed that there are several on the river operating pretty nearly in the same way. The one I saw was contrived thus:—the mill-leat occupied nearly the whole stream; of course all the returning or old fish entered into this leat; they could pass no further than the mill; about ten or twelve feet above the mill was a waste fender, and below this fender, or between it and the natural stream, on a sharp descent, was a kind of wicker or basket-work. The miller had only to draw his waste fender, and every fish following the stream must pass into this trap. He then stops the water by letting down the fender, and every fish is upon dry land in two minutes.

'It was painful to see the millions of salmon-roes which strewed the sand-banks of the Dart, in the tide-way below Totness-weir, about three years ago; the old fish could not pass the weir, and when the natural season arrived, they were compelled to shed their spawn where they could. The whole proved abortive; for, as those sand-beds were dry at low water, and the sand shifted with the tides and the floods, the spawn was uncovered and lay so thick upon the surface, that a man could not put his foot on the sand without crushing a hundred to pieces at a time.

'At the period I allude to, it was quite lamentable to see the unavailing efforts of the salmon to get over Totness-weir. I was an eye-witness to it; repeatedly beaten back, they tried again and again, until they were quite exhausted, and had scarcely strength enough to push their noses above the surface of the water. What loss this obstruction must produce to the public it is beyond any known means of calculation to estimate; but from the number of old breeding fish that were destroyed at the same time, by the spear alone, on the rivers Avon and Harbourne (the latter only a branch of the Dart) it has been calculated that two hundred million salmon spawn were prevented from coming to life.'

'Most animals,' as this animated writer very justly remarks, 'whether for the profit or the pastime of mankind, are allowed some seasonable resting time for increase; but the salmon, much more valuable than hares, pheasants, or partridges, is not allowed one moment's rest, not even for procreation. The cruelty of such conduct is only equalled by its impolicy.

'It is thus that the salmon fisheries, as far as they concern the public, are completely useless; so much so, that there is one universal outcry against the owners of fisheries throughout the country. It is, indeed, to them and to the poachers, that the present scarcity of salmon is to be attributed. Every other animal in the

known world, requires, and obtains, rest and retirement during gestation, and at the time of bringing forth, and is allowed opportunity for the escape and growth of its young; but this harmless and invaluable creature, though warned by unerring instinct where to go, is first obstructed when its body from a state of pregnancy is ill able to combat obstruction, and delayed when delay is but another word for death; then hunted down like a wild beast, worried from place to place, unceasingly persecuted, and ultimately impaled alive on an iron spear, generally in the very act of spawning. Not even the shades of night, when most other animals seek and find respite from their persecutors, are to him any protection; watched and traced to his haunts by day, allured to certain places at night, by means of fires, he falls an easy victim to his more cunning and unfeeling destroyers, at a moment when he expects no mischief, and when he should meet with no molestation. Should he miraculously save himself from such impalement, what then awaits him? He is taken in a trap river, returning to the sea; starved by being imprisoned in a mill stream; or pines to death for want of that element which Providence has made necessary to his prosperity, his increase, and his existence.

'Such is the true state of the salmon fisheries. Will any reasonable man deny that a new law is imperatively necessary to prevent the abuses which have brought them to such a condition?'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.		1 o'clock Noon.		11 o'clock Night.		Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.		Weather.
Nov. 19	45	50	46	29	69				Rain.
.... 20	43	50	50	..	37				Do.
.... 21	50	54	50	..	45				Fair.
.... 22	42	48	48	..	40				Do.
.... 23	47	47	42	28	52				Stormy.
.... 24	40	47	40	29	07				Fair.
.... 25	39	46	38	..	50				Cloudy.

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Cemetery of Pere la Chaise.—I went, says a recent visitor to Paris, to the Pere la Chaise, where, amid an infinity of flowers, the singing of birds, and the finest views of Paris and the country, are deposited the remains of most of the Parisians; they are arranged in parallelograms of about eight feet by four, surrounded with railing, the interior forming a garden; on the points of the headstone are hung garlands, and some have vases in glass cases, filled with the bloom of the orange. There are also very beautiful monuments in marble, and vaults of considerable magnitude belonging to families; in short, it was one of the most interesting objects that I have seen.

Polite Reminiscence.—Dear Tom; I am calling in my debts, though, 'like spirits from the vasty deep,' they do not always come when I do call them; this, I am sure, will not be the case with the £1. lent to you, and which must have escaped your recollection. Your ever truly.

A negro, who had learnt to read, wishing to give some of his countrymen, who had never seen a book, an idea of it, said, 'reading is the power of hearing with the eyes instead of the ears.'

Thus far Monmouth, and by the following paragraph from a magazine for the year 1766, it would appear that the ancient law in favour of the lady was adhered to:—'Thursday, a young woman about twenty years of age, was summoned before the Court of Conscience, by an elderly gentleman for a debt of 10s. 3d., being the value of a ring he had presented her with, in order to be married, which was given in favour of the young woman.'

Turkish Criterion of Rank.—Ali Pasha told Lord Byron, that he knew him to be a man of rank by the smallness of his ears, his curling hair, and little white hands. This however, as Shakspeare has it, is the English not the Turkish court, and men of rank in this country, are not very remarkable for the smallness of their ears, on the contrary they are sometimes rather distinguished from the other classes of society by the asinine prolixity of those useful organs.

A most extraordinary Question.—When Lord Byron visited the convent at Mafra, the monks asked him whether *there were any books in England?* They might as well have inquired whether there were any fishes in the sea, or sands on the shore; or whether we had any prisons in England, any laws, or any acts of Parliament. Had the question been put by an inhabitant of the moon, it would have been more credible: as it is, it must be a most mortifying reflection to the thousand votaries for literary fame in this country, to hear that even their very existence is doubted by Portuguese monks. It seems, then, that there is one little nook in Europe, where the Great Unknown is not even known to be unknown, where, of the countless myriads of volumes that darken our atmosphere like a cloud of locusts, not one is seen. Oh! what a blessed spot must the convent of Mafra appear to the imagination of a perplexed English reviewer!

Works published since our last notice.—Wood's *Life of J. Law*, of Lawnton, 6s. Campbell's *Theodoric*, and other Poems, 8s. Downe's *Prize Poems*, and Spanish and German Ballads, 5s. 6d. Powlett's *Christian Truth*, 9s. Fawcett on *Anger*, 6s. *Revelations of the Dead Alive*, 10s. 6d. Milton's *Poetical Works*, by Hawkins, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. Williamson's *Reflections on the Four Principal Religions*, 2 vols. 21s. Mollier's *Travels in Columbia*, 14s. Elgiva, or the Monks, an historical poem, 8s.

FINE ARTS.—On Sale, at the Author's House, 37, Mary-la-bonne Street, Piccadilly, a few copies of the *Critical Description of Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims*; of West's *Death on the Pale Horse*; and of Historical 'Variae,' relative to the British School of Painting and Sculpture, by William Carey, Honorary Correspondent of the Royal Institute of France, Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Institution, and of the Royal Cork Society of Arts.

Beautifully printed in crown 8vo, on yellow laid paper. **LORD BACON'S ADVANCEMENT AND PROFICIENCY OF LEARNING**, with the quotations translated; an Analysis, Preface, and copious Index. Price 10s. 6d. boards. London: Published by William Pickering, 57, Chancery Lane.

This day is published, in 3 vols. 12mo., price £1. 1s. **WANDERINGS OF CHILDE HAROLDE**, a Romance of Real Life, interspersed with Memoirs of the English Wife, Foreign Mistress, and various other Celebrated Characters, by John Harman Bedford, Lieutenant, R. N. Author of *Views on the Shores of the Black Sea*, and who accompanied the Childe in his wanderings till within a few months of his death. Printed for Sherwood, Jones, & Co., Paternoster Row.

AN ACCEPTABLE PRESENT. Just published, fitted up in an elegant Box, Price 1l. 8s. plain, or 1l. 14s. beautifully coloured, **URANIA'S MIRROR; OR, A VIEW OF THE HEAVENS:** On a Plan perfectly Original Designed by a Lady. The Work consists of Thirty-two large Cards, on which are represented all the Constellations visible in the British Empire. Each Constellation is drawn with the Figure ascribed to it by the Ancients; and the Stars are perforated, so as to exhibit, when held up to the light, their natural Appearance in the Heavens. The Cards are accompanied with a Familiar Treatise on Astronomy, written expressly for this purpose by J. Aspin. London: Printed for Samuel Leigh, 18, Strand; and sold by all Booksellers and Stationers.

On the 30th instant, price 5s. **THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW; or, Chronicle of the Literature of all Nations**, No. V. This Review is published every two months. Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

This day is published, price 6s. boards, a Second Edition, with considerable additions, of **THOUGHTS**, chiefly designed as Preparative or Persuasive to PRIVATE DEVOTION. By JOHN SHEPPARD. Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

This day is published, the Third Edition, in post 8vo, price 10s. 6d. boards, **THE LIFE and ADMINISTRATION of CARDINAL WOLSEY.** By JOHN GALT, Esq. Printed for G. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane, London; and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

On Tuesday, Part IV. of **THE ANIMAL KINGDOM**, described and arranged in conformity with its Organization, by the Baron Cuvier, &c. &c. &c. With additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named, of many not before noticed, and other original Matter, by Edward Griffith, F.L.S. and others. Demy 4to., with early Impressions of the Plates, on India Paper, price 24s., each Part; in royal 8vo., with the Plates carefully coloured, 24s., or plain 18s.; in demy 8vo. plain 12s. And, on the 1st of May next, will be published, in demy 4to., Part I. (the whole to be included in Ten Parts), of a Translation of **THE OSSEMENS FOSSILES** of the Baron Cuvier. In announcing the Continuation of the 'Animal Kingdom,' and the Commencement of the 'Fossil Osteology,' the Editor has the satisfaction of stating, that these Works will, in future, be honoured with occasional aid from the Baron Cuvier himself, who has most liberally offered to communicate to the Editor such new facts and discoveries, both in existing and in fossil organization, as may arise pending the publication of the Works. The translation of the justly celebrated 'Theory of the Earth,' which forms the Introductory Discourse to the 'Ossemens Fossiles,' will be from the Baron's Manuscript, with important additions and corrections, prepared for a new edition of that work, which he is about to publish.

Major C. Hamilton Smith, F.R.S. &c. &c. &c., with the most distinguished liberality, has also gratuitously offered the use of his immense collection of original drawings, now exceeding 6000 species, together with his Notes on many genera of the Mammiferous tribes. The Monograph on the Antelopes, with a great number of new species, will be from his pen, and the figures entirely from his pencil.

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BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON, of Saturday, November 27, will contain the best account of the Fight at Warwick, between Hudson and Cannon. (It will be kept on sale, at the Office, in the Strand, London, for three days after the 27th instant).—*Bell's Life in London*, and *Sporting Chronicle*, combining, with the news of the week, a rich Repository of Fashion, Wit, and Humour, and the interesting incidents of Real Life, the price of which is Seven-pence, is a full-sized Quarto Weekly Newspaper, published in London every Saturday Afternoon, in time for that Day's Post, by which it may be received in any part of the Country, within one hundred miles of London, on the Sunday Morning—Orders attended to by all the London and Country Newspaper Agents, Booksellers, and Postmasters; also by Messrs. Smiths, No. 192, Strand, London.

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